



## JUDGE NOT!

A BACKSLIDER'S STORY.

By W. J. THOMPSON, Bermuda.

WHEN I first set out to serve God, after being an atheist for about ten and a half years, I thought it impossible that ever should I fall and I was very sure I would not. I was not a man of much judgment of those that did fall. I used to say that if a man or woman once got properly converted, they could not possibly backslide. But I was soon to alter my opinion, for I had built my own house upon the sand, and I soon began to feel my foundation giving way. It happened in this way:

There was a comrade with whom for some reason I could never get on. I often asked myself why, but I couldn't answer the question. I scolded my heart, but to no avail. I wondered if I was jealous of him, for he was tall and, although, like myself, only a young convert, was frequently called upon to read his lesson in the meetings and to speak in various other ways, for he was well educated and could speak well. On the other hand, I always used to get flattered even in giving a simple testimony. To get the better of my feelings of dislike I tried to conceal it from everyone, and acted towards the comrade as though I loved him the same as anyone else, but that terrible feeling seemed to get worse, instead of better. Whenever we were talking together with other comrades I would always look at him, and then I generally lost my temper, and would go home that night feeling miserable with myself and everyone else, and although I invariably got the victory at my bedside, it was only to be defeated again at the next opportunity.

At last that comrade himself came and spoke to me about it. He asked me what had come between us. I scarcely knew what answer I made him, but I know I insulted him and he left me with a look of pain on his face.

That night I went to bed without praying, and when we needed to ask God for help we soon forgot altogether. The following two days I spent very miserably, and then I went out intending to go to the soldiers' meeting and get right with God. But the devil hadn't done with me yet. On my way there I had to pass a public house, from whence came the sound of laughter, singing and jingling of glasses. It sounded very attractive to me in the frame of mind I was in, and, to cut a long story short, after trying for over twenty minutes to get the victory, I rushed inside and called for some beer.

The Devil had Called the Day.

I drank several glasses straight off, and then I was soon in the thick of the dancing and singing. I was drinking beer like water in vain endeavor to stifle my conscience. I tried to get drunk, but to no avail, for whereas the more around me I got, another one after another to the effect of the liquor I seemed proof against it.

**My Saviour's Face was Ever Before Me.** #328  
For the next two days I kept this up, and then only stopped because I had spent all my money. Then my conscience troubled me more than ever. I could see how weak in faith I had been. I had been relying too much upon my own strength, instead of leaning on Christ Jesus.

I believe if I had spoken to the comrade concerning my feelings towards him, and if we had prayed about it, I should have gained the victory over it.

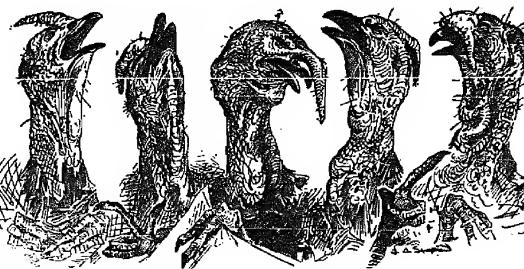
Take warning, friends, and don't let the devil get hold of you if you are tempted in any way. Go to the Lord for help. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they that you picture the misery of backsliders?"

It is an awful experience. The thought that you have done everything worth having. Oh, the wretched hours at night, longing to get on your knees and ask God to forgive you, and yet afraid to do so!

Afraid to Face Your God,

after the vile manner in which you have forsaken Him!

But one day I opened my Bible at random and found this passage: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Heb. xii. Oh, what a moment that gave me! I could see Him stand in this; I dropped on my knees and prayed long and earnestly for forgiveness, and praise God, received it. I had only been in the world a week, but it seemed months of misery to me.



## TURKEY'S DEATH SONG.

**D**EATH is not a pleasant thing to contemplate, but since we all come under the law of death, we might as well prepare for it. A Turkey's preparation for death is a good life. So I advise you, my comrades, to feel well and sleep well. If we have to die it is best to die for a good cause, and if we die in a good condition we shall bring the most to a good cause. Perhaps you do not know that our mistress has promised the fairest of us to the Captain of the Salvation Army, for Unrest Festival. This should prove an incentive to us all to strive in friendly competition to fatten up quickly. Who is likely to be the happy winner? I don't know but I would not desire a better cause to die for than that of the Salvation Army.

WHAT →  
HAS BEEN DONE WITH THE  
→ MONEY  
WHICH I HAVE GIVEN DURING  
PREVIOUS APPEALS, TO THE  
SALVATION ARMY?

**A**ns.—The money has enabled us to make great advances in our efforts for the spiritual and social salvation of men, women and children.

**How can you prove this to my satisfaction?**

**A**ns.—Here are the figures of what has been accomplished during the last three years:

We have 15 more Corps than we had three years ago.

We have 4 extra Rescue Homes.

We have 7 additional Shelters.

We have increased 50 Officers.

" 1,395 Local Officers.

" 2,113 Soldiers.

" 2,573 Junior Soldiers.

" 2,945 B. of L. Members.

" 585 Companies weekly.

" 1,491 B. of L. attendance weekly.

" 4,414 J. S. attendance weekly.

We supply 9,675 Meals extra per month.

" 5,076 Beds extra per month.

Besides caring for a larger number of fallen girls and helpless children.

I went, at the first opportunity, to the comrade for him had left my heart. We had a long talk together and I told him everything. He forgave me, as I knew he would, and now we are working in unity together for Christ. Praise His Name for ever.

I believe I have this time built my house on the solid rock, the rock of Christ Jesus. My only desire now is to be a servant of the Lord.

## Don't Stop—Move On!

"In every to-day walks a to-morrow." If you have made great achievements, if you have done splendid work, if you stand high in other people's esteem, and especially in your own, do not stop to

write bulletins of victory to yourself and others. The only reward worth the having for having done good work yesterday is a chance to do better work to-morrow. The only reward for having reached a certain milestone in life's journey is the chance to do a better day's journey the next day. On the other hand, if you have failed, if through your own fault and your own folly, or the fault and the folly of others, you have failed to lose your chance, if you have lost the simple faith of your childhood, if you have outgrown your faculties, even if you have poisoned your blood, begin where you are to-day, and out of the treasured experience of the past, with all its good, and also with all its evil, set your face forward towards a nobler and more splendid future.

And never say you are too old. You

do not say it now, perhaps; but by and by, when the hair grows grey, and the eyes grow dim, and the young despair comes to curse the old age, you will say, "It is too late for me." Never too late! Never too old! How old are you—thirty, fifty, sixty? What is that in immortality? We are but children. When I hear a man saying it is too late, it seems to me as when two little children are playing in a nursery, and the one who has dropped his doll and broken it, and seeing the sawdust rugunt, says, "Life is not worth living." You have eternity before you. Begin, not from an imaginary past, to which you can never go back; but from an imaginary future which you have not reached. Begin from the present, with all its treasury of good—ay, and with all its treasury of evil. And, keeping the pathway unbroke, go from the past to the future, lead on to life to larger life, and yet larger life, answering the calling of Him Whose call is ever upward, upward, Dr. Lyman Abbott.

## Three Good Samaritans.

## A DINNER-HOUR EXPERIENCE.

One morning, when at my work, I saw, to my astonishment, a tall, fair-looking young woman, clothed in dirty rags, come staggering along the street; she was not drunk, as one might have thought, but weak through sheer want and exposure. My workmates called out at her shameful snorts and jeers, all of which would tend to crush more than ever the poor creature.

My heart, as I Salvionist, went out in tenderness after her. My soul breathed out a prayer on her behalf, and to my joy, she hadn't gone far before I met a tall, strong, robust man, who, as he passed our place, I saw, however, before the coldness of the world, when strong, robust men launched at her downfall. This gave me a chance of seeing more closely that there was in her just that which would make a fine, bonnie Salvionist for Jesus Christ. It was near the dinner-hour, and I asked God to take care of her for me till dinner-time, and so He did; for when I walked into the recreation-ground I found her on a seat, with some rude rags round her.

I interfered at once, and asked them to let the young woman alone. The ladies kindly obliged me, as they knew I was a Salvionist. I said lovingly to her, "Tell her what I am, and my business, and her reply was:

"No one will befriend me for nothing; so go away, or I will give you a smack in the face."

Still I pleaded with her, and she told me her sad story. She confessed, and I could plainly see, that suicide was almost the next step. But I had already accomplished the work of bringing into her soul a ray of sunlight. By this time dinner-hour was gone, so I gave her the money to buy a good meal, and succeeded in getting her to promise to meet me after the day's work, which closed at 5:30.

To my joy, she proved true to her word, and when I met her again, I was in persuading her to come with me and get advice from our officer. But this she said she would not do, as she had a dread of being sent into one of the Homes. I was bent on victory at all costs, so I managed to get her to Lockhart's coffee-shop and gave her a nourishing meal, and she promised me she would stay there while I went home, had tea, and changed my navy clothes for my uniform.

While at tea, I told my landlady what had made me so late. My landlady, by the way, is a line type of early-day Salvionist, and this woman of God, having an eye to business for her Saviour, said to me, "Bring her round, and let's see what she's like."

This I gladly did at once. We found that she was twenty-four years of age, and only needed a rig-out of clothes and boots, a good wash-up, and dealing with in a loving manner, and she would be snatched from a suicide's grave, and be saved in a twofold sense—soul and body.

Praise God! this was done by our kind landlady giving her clothes and care to a fellow-sister, Sergeant Brown, giving half-terms in a pair of boots, and something for herself; I gave the other half towards the boots. Then we had a red-hot prayer meeting, got the girl nicely saved through the Blood of Jesus, and a bountiful blessing to our own souls. She is still with us, and is as bright, and as happy, and grateful as possible. We give Jesus every bit of the glory.

AUSTRALIA  
REV.

Commissioner Pollard

These assaults tried and no incident is more tragic than the loss of a life, which, and no mean service to the Army (this which the Peckham known) was shrill and the flight of Dr. Lyman Abbott.

Pointing

"What are all the evil souls, on earth, envied like the top, give 'em a warm glow, the gallant, strong, "I'll be a very kick-to-the-right, old elphant?"

A dose of sweet sugar, of course, to be a good example, with reluctance the harder swallowed, the weapons of one carnal but spiritual.

What would have sent of the Army's him it is difficult to end of a few weeks served with a nob which begins a chapter in our story.

CHAP. OFF TO NEW

Before entering the Army Pollard would perhaps, ever remain Candidate for the put to. The removal work in Peckham Chapel in Walworth, fiercer fighting than opened by the Chinese presence and the Emmanuel named the seal for saying so swerved by an unexpected opposition.

At the time General for a chirchship at the Army, then site of the road. His implant Commissioned Pollard use this leaf in the practical use many not wanted for off trite delicate and a the Field, although urgent need of which Pollard.

This urgency will we state that, after Commissioned by three refers even now he then received a work against the n

Davonish

"The Training was not the one which it now is." "What I learned been a source of circumstances called to pass. I found even now a training system the hevenly heavenly it is not a logical and body in. In those

years were wanted, in Christianity with the difference of the Home complete you gets before each actual saving of soul and her life; and the privilege of attending hearing enough to give me the marks of an to day just the one consecration to the

"Two things in common weeks I spent in Howard; he was a better Howard; he was about twenty

The Vic

"In his peculiar the Vice Prince

## THE WAR CRY.

AUSTRALASIA  
REVISITED.

## Commissioner Pollard's Reminiscences

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AUSTRALASIA  
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These assaults tried human nature, and an incident is recorded which is off the inevitable comic side to the tragedy. The flag was the chief object of attack, and the flag-earner had no mean service to perform. He was endowed with great physical power, but proportionately small patience. One bright the Rosemary Branch of the Army was the name under which the Peckham Corps was then known) was started by the appearance of the flagstaff.

## Pointing a Moral.

"What are all those spikes for?" asked someone, on beholdng it, all covered like the top of a paling. "To give 'em a warm time to-night, hoss," the gallant standard-bearer replied. "I'll make 'em kick against the pricks to-night, old chap!"

A dose of sweet reasonableness had, of course, been applied, but it was with reference to the standard-bearer swallowed the doctrine that the weapons of our warfare are not carnal but spiritual.

What would have been the final result of the Army's operations in Peckham? It is difficult to guess; but at the end of a few weeks the captain was served with a notice to quit, with which begins a new and thrilling chapter in our story.

CHAPTER III.  
OFF TO NEW ZEALAND.

Before entering the Training Home, George Pollard went through what will, perhaps, never reach the last test of a candidate for the fight for God can be put into. The work he had to do in the work in Peckham to an old Baptist Chapel in Walworth was attended by fiercer fighting than ever. It was opened by the Chief of the Staff, whose presence and the inspiration of whose counsel fanned the flame of a desperate zeal for saving souls, which was answered by an increase in the fury of opposition.

At this time George Pollard applied for a leadership in the Headquarters of the Army, then situated in Whitechapel Road. His application was refused; but Commissioner Pollard has been able to use this loss in the book of his career to practical use many times since. He was not wanted for office work, and was a trifle delinquent and young to be sent into the Field, although the Field stood in urgent need of the blood and heart—stuff of which Pollard was made.

This urgency will be appreciated when we state, that, later on, the division of Commissioner Pollard's training was increased by three weeks; and yet he returned even now to the something which he then received as constituting a bulwark against the attacks of the enemy.

## Devonshire House.

"The Training Home of those days was not the complete establishment which it now is," says the Commissioner. "What I learned then, however, has been a source of help in many different circumstances through which I have been called to pass. There are people to be found even now who think that our system of training is seriously at fault, because it is not solely and wholly theological and scholastic. They do not know me. In those times, as now, fighting Christians will drive back the indifference of the age. The Training Home compels you to be in earnest. It sets before each man and woman the actual saying of souls as the ideal of his and her life; and, though I had the privilege of attending many lectures, I learnt enough to confirm me in my faith, give me a clear and definite conception of the work of an officer, and, from day to day, the just opportunities to put my conception to the test."

"Two things are stamped upon my memory in connection with the three weeks I spent in Devonshire House. One was a lecture by Commissioner Howard; he was then Vice-Principal. About twenty Cadets were present,

## The Vice-Principal.

"In his peculiarly impressive style, the Vice-Principal said something to

this effect: 'My lads, when I see you in this room I do not think of what you are, but what you will be. Without assuming the role of a prophet, there are some of you who will become the leading officers of the Army in the future. On our way to the mind of the old Belvoir Green Arch—to receive a plentiful supply of rotten vegetables and chaff—I opened a discussion on the joke of the day—the Vice-Principal's prophecy. We had lively ambitions at times, but they never rose higher than a Lieutenant or Captaincy, or, to be more correct, a chance to do some fighting for God and saving souls.'

## Presentments.

"The other link of some interest was a presentment. I had a week before I quitted the Training Home. It was the first of not a few presentments or impressions—call them what you will—I had had in my life. What influenced me to say that within a week I should meet you again at Trafalgar Square, I do not say, but I am so positive that it would be so that I mentioned it more than one instant. Therefore, when Commissioner Howard called me aside one morning I knew what it meant. I was sent to Portadown, in Ireland, with my travelling expenses, the blessing of Commissioner Howard, and an injunction to lie flat on my back if I desired to avoid being sea-sick crossing the Channel!"

## Quick Work.

There was our reward will observe, a blissful dispensing of responsibility to young men in those days. In Capt. Pollard's case he more than justified the wisdom of his superior. He was a success at Portadown, Basford (near Nottingham) and Marylebone. His method of warfare was one flaw in them if we dare say the word; he was regardless of his own physical resources, so that when the call came for New Zealand, it found the young Captain not in the most robust state.

"We shall be in New Zealand within twelve months from the present date," he read out in the War Cry at breakfast one morning.

His Lieutenant asked, "Where is that?" "Somewhere near the moon, I suppose; but wherever it is I shall go." And so he did. Another presentment.

## George!

Later on, and while resting at Matlock, a deep sleep oppressed him. He ought to go to Manchester and visit a sick relative. "I shall never see her again," he remarked, on leaving his rooming quarters. While he was in the hotel, he was shown to Matlock by I. H. Q., asking him to come to London as soon as possible, and raising the question whether he would be prepared to go to New Zealand and start a corps there. When he reached London he was ignorant of this letter, and before calling at I. H. Q., as was a custom with our hero, his disposition led him to a certain quarter on the south side of the Thames. It would never do for him to visit the great city without paying his respects to the right reverend.

"I see that there is a great farewell of officers for foreign service in Exeter Hall, George," remarked Miss Penney to him on his leaving. (The use of the Christian name here will suggest an expected development.) "Yes, so I noticed; and I shall be sent to New Zealand." And he was—another presentment.

(To be continued.)



Main Street, Jampstown N.D.

The first person of importance he met at I. H. Q. that day was Commissioner Rafton.

"So you have received our letter?" the Secretary questioned.

"What letter?"

"One you sent to Matlock, asking if you were ready for New Zealand." "I did not receive it; I went to Manchester on some family affairs. But it is all right. I have had a presentment that you wanted me to be the one-hundred-and-first," was the reply.

This was in the month of November, 1881, but it was not until February of the following year that the General, Arthur Pollard, accompanied by Lieut. Edward Wright—of whom we shall have something to say later on—embarked for the Colony of New Zealand.

In the interval his work was versatile. His "travelling" had to be raised. There was the Self-Defence Fund, and Captain Pollard had to visit corps, plead the needs of the distant land to which he was appointed, and one of the corps was especially willing through the streets of Stockton in a white cotton suit, with a keen frost and a deep covering of snow on the ground.

The day at last arrived: but so singularly indifferent were Capt. Pollard and his colleague to their future needs that the question of embarking on a thirteen-thousand-mile's journey, and on such a mission as the one on which they were about, without money, never once entered their minds.

Someone suggested to Commissioner Rafton that the New Zealand party might require a few pounds to open New Zealand, secrete buildings, furnish quarters, etc.

"Certainly, certainly," remarked the Commissioner.

The Cusinier of the Training Home had gone home, however, when the discovery was made, and the one residing in the neighborhood, a friendly one, the Army, possessed such a capital as to tide over the need for twenty-four hours.

The General was appealed to, and, by dint of some amalgamation of temporary travelling funds and some friends' assistance, the twenty pounds were raised and next morning Capt. Pollard—with the Army Flag presented by Mrs. General Booth—and Lieut. Wright mounted an old wagon that stood at the gates of the Congregational Church, with the Adjutant-General, General Pollard, the Adjutant of the Cadets, the New Zealand expedition fulfilled the presentment of the one-hundred-and-first.

And Cadet Penney, who had exchanged his place at Peckham for a Cadetship at Clinton, was the last to wave her handkerchief, and something like tears glistened in her eyes.

(To be continued.)

THE DATES FOR THE  
Harvest Thanksgiving  
Festival

THROUGHOUT THE TERRITORY  
ARE FROM

August 26th to 29th,  
(INCLUSIVE).



"Now, Father, what can I do for Harvest Festival?"

It enables me to have sweet and uninterrupted communion with Christ, so that where I am, He is also.

It causes me to more rapidly develop and grow in grace, than when only justified.

It helps me to put confidence in my brother Christian, and leads me to think that there are numbers of people as good and better than I am.

It humbles me greatly and leads me to give God all the glory for all blessings bestowed upon me, and to praise Him if I am indeed the best of others.

It has fitted me for work, wear, life, death, and the Judgment.

F. HOWELL, Capt.,  
Morton's Harbor.

## LORD, TAKE THOU ME!

A cry from Macedonia breaks my dream.

Stir in my ears the pleading tones  
do call;  
Across the waters beckoning fingers  
seen.

To beg me for Christ's sake, sur-  
render all.

Can I do right? Thy messenger to be?  
I will. Thy mandate; O Lord, take  
Thou me!

Prepare me with the purity divine,  
Without Thine armor I am sure to  
fall;

Gird me with truth, and with Thy  
seal and sign.

Upon my going forth I must pre-  
vail.

My Lord's knight errant, here on  
fended knee  
I crave to fight the fight. Lord, take  
Thou me!

Grant me that hunger for immortal  
souls,

Thine own heart's yearning for the  
loving ones,

The love of God which mercifully rolls  
Around the world and for its sin  
atones,

Shows how the Cross can set the sin-  
ner free.

May I this message speak? Lord, take  
Thou me!

Open for me Thy providential door,  
Then give me readiness to enter in.

Search Thou my soul, and let Thy  
Spirit pour,

To cleanse, to inspire my honest  
thought within,

And with a single eye Thy purpose  
see.

My only wish, Thy will, Lord, take  
Thou me!

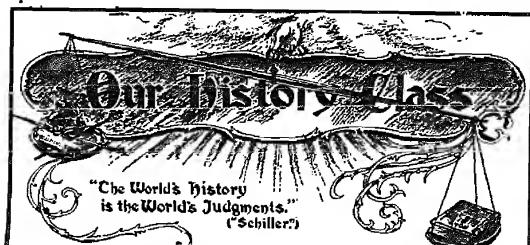
Take me for sunny days or darksome  
night,

Take me for hottest flight or watch-  
ing lone,

Take me for face the wrong, the  
right,

Take me to comfort and support  
Thine own.

I am but one, but all that one to Thee  
Without reserve I bring. Thou will  
take me!



## L.—THE ANCIENT GREEKS

## CHAPTER V.

## SOLON AND THE ATHENIANS.

Athens was the lovely capital of the Ionian State of Attica. The city was named after her fabled patron, Palus Atheric, the goddess of War and Wisdom. Theseus is claimed by the Athenians as their first King and lawgiver. An heroic deed of self-sacrifice is told of their last King, Codrus. When the Dorians were conquering the country adjoining theirs, an oracle had told them that they would never succeed in conquering Athens if they slew the King of that city. The Dorians were forbidden, therefore, to strike at Codrus, who purposely exposed himself in the battles. He therefore disguised himself, went into the Dorian camp and picked a quarrel with one of the enemy's soldiers, allowing himself to be killed in that manner to save his country.

After the death of Codrus, the Athenians honored his memory by deciding that they would not have anyone less noble sitting in his seat. The Kingship was abolished and a democratic government established.

Unfortunately a state of misrule resulted soon from this change, in consequence of which the people called upon Draco, the philosopher, to frame laws for them. Draco did so; his laws were good but very strict, death being the punishment for the least crime. These rigid laws being impossible to be kept, fell into disuse and were forgotten. The confusion grew worse until another lawgiver, Solon, undertook to draw up a fresh code of laws.

Solon lived at an age of extreme mental activity and development. He was one of the famous Seven Wise Men of Greece. He was an Athenian by birth and of the royal race. He had served his country as a warrior and had also the experience of extensive travel. The Athenians honoured him so much, now that no laws for them at the time they were wearied with the misrule of the rich and great.

His laws provided a government of nine chief magistrates who were elected every three years. A council of 400 nobles worked with them; somewhat resembling our Senate. Peace and war and banishment of a dangerous individual was only decided by the whole of the people, who voted according to their tribe.

Solon's laws were not harsh and unnatural like those of Sparta. People were allowed to live as they pleased, but schools for learning and physical exercise had to be attended by all children. There is no mistake that the consequences of Solon's laws were most marked; for in Athens arose some of the greatest and noblest men of all times. The Athenians were as brave as the Spartans, but much more thoughtful and wise. It is well-known that they were a people of excellent taste and unsurpassed sense of beauty; their monuments of sculpture and architecture serve as models to our present-day artists.

As it is to-day, so it was in the olden times; one fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer. Solon was so annoyed by foolish questions about his schemes, that he went travelling, after having set things in order.

Solon abhorred untruthfulness. He asked once a great actor, whether he was not ashamed to tell so many falsehoods. "It is only in sport," replied Thespis, the actor. "But he that tells lies in sport will soon tell them in earnest," was Solon's impudent reply.

In his journeys he visited Lydia, which was the emporium of Greek settlers in Asia Minor. Its ruler, Psammon, contained gold dust in his sandals, and its King, Croesus, was exceedingly rich. The latter welcomed Solon magnificently and showed him his immense wealth and

ture treasures. Expecting that Solon would be impressed with it all, the King asked the philosopher whom he judged to be the happiest man.

"An honest man, Tellus," replied Solon, "who lived uprightly, was neither rich nor poor, had good children, and died bravely for his country." Croesus was vexed at his answer, since he expected a flattering reply as to his own person.

but he asked who was the next happiest man.

"Two brothers, Cleobis and Biton," said Solon, "who were so loving and dutiful to their mother, that, when she wanted to go to the temple, they yoked themselves to her car and drew her thither; then, having given this proof of their love, lay down to sleep, and die without pain or grief."

"And what do you think of me?" impudently asked Croesus.

"Ah!" replied the philosopher, "call me not happy till I am dead."

Croesus afterwards went to war against Cyrus, the King of the Medes and Persians, who captured Babylon and restored Jerusalem. Lydia was conquered and Croesus was about to be slain, when, remembering Solon's words, "Call no man happy till he is dead," he cried out: "O Solon, Solon, Solon!"

Cyrus heard him, inquired after the meaning of the exclamation, and was so struck with the explanation received, that he spared Croesus and retained him as counsellor for the rest of his life.

(To be continued.)

## The General in Stockholm.

A Magnificent Fleet of 22 Steamers takes the Salvation Army Excursion Down an Inland Sea—18,000 People Crowd into Beautiful Soderfjelde to Hear the General—A Deluge Like Rain—Meetings in Circus and Theatre.



COMMISSIONER OLIPHANT,  
Commanding Our Swedish Troops.

slutting root, and is on the east base of the hill.

The space in front of the platform is dotted with tall birch and pine trees, and there are 3,500. When filled with people it looks like a massive gallary. Surrounding the enclosure are myriads of coffee and mineral water vendors from the city and surrounding villages, who, of course, enclose by eight-foot boundaries—in a storm refuge. Auxiliaries' can tent, general canteen, and tents for the various regiments.

In this vast natural amphitheatre the General led a boisterous meeting and a salvation meeting—the first at 11:30, the second at 3:15. Animated as were the grounds before the meetings began, at the close of the bugle they assumed cathedral-like stillness—a further testimony to the people's interest in the real business of the day and to the good management.

At eleven o'clock a sudden gloom fell on the scene. A cloud as big as a city and as black as ink rested right above the ground.

I have been caught in a rain on a Welsh mountain, stood on the deck of a P. and O. in Colombo Harbor while the heavens dropped buckets of water, but nothing I have experienced can near this deluge at Soderfjelde. It howled like ten thousand toads to the ground, swamped streets, flooded the natural剧场, and drenched people to the skin. Such visitations, however, are always brief, and as soon as the clouds dissolved itself and a stream of sunshine struck

through the foliage, there was a rush to the amphitheatre, and in fifteen minutes the General was giving out the song with the refrain, "Send the Spirit down and fill a congregation of five thousand." Not a drop of rain descended after that sog during the whole day.

## The Fire.

And the fire fell. Sodom has the General risen to no opportunity as he did on this occasion. His address, necessarily hurried because of the deluge, was piercing. He touched upon almost every excuse which the human heart conceives for postponing a definite surrender of the will to God. The silence of the scene was awful. I sat on the platform for half-an-hour, and then crawled up to the loft, and at both points studied the effects of the General's preaching. Again I was impressed by the silence—it was the silence of condemnation—the silence that overcomes the guilty when the books of God (the Conscience and the Truth) are opened.

Then there came the appeal. People here and there looked as if they wanted someone to act for them and push them to the Cross. You couldn't call the prayer meeting a struggle; it was too much of a reality to be described as other than a Judgment Hall one minute, and Liberty Hall the next. Muggy, sticky as were our garments, oppressive as was the atmosphere, not a couple of hundred persons left the place when the thundersoul was announced by the pectoral drum, and the meeting was then to full swing. Fifty yielded.

In the afternoon the crowd was augmented considerably, and again the General handled them with the same matchless skill that compelled interest in his message and the same wonderful manifestation of convicting power.

An interesting ceremony preceded this meeting. Ranged immediately behind the General were twenty-five Corps Cadets, who, at the bidding of the General, stepped forward before the hand-rail, and were dedicated as the first nucleus of this growing movement, under the colors.

The General's charge after referring to the careers of the Corps Cadets in England, was an intimation of faith, truthfulness, self-denial, and self-for-sacrifice. The Cadets were of a bright and intelligent order, and as the entire company rose and, with right hand outstretched towards the flag, the General prayed, a feeling of sympathy swept over the congregation, and many hearts were melted. Twenty-three men and women sought salvation at the close. A march-past, a well-arranged and pictorial affair, with procession to the boats, closed the events of the day. But the most striking sight, as such, was the final farewell at Soderfjelde piers. The shades of night had fallen when the boats dropped their moorings and, as they steamed out of the narrow lock with the banks in full blast, the echo on the still air was fascinating, especially when the eye rested on the banks and hills marked black and white with the thousands and thousands of people wishing the General God-speed.

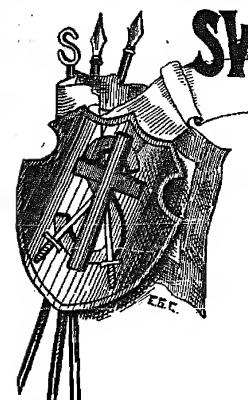
## Salvation in a Circus.

The Alhambra of Stockholm was engaged for two meetings the next day. On both occasions it was full. The Circus is most awkwardly adapted for salvation meetings. It has twenty-five separate entrances, each leading to a sort of sheep-pen enclosure, with no direct access to the pentent form. The pentent is one wide, and was the rendezvous of all the characters that, to say the least do not add to the reputation of the establishment.

The General's task was Goliathian. God marvelously helped him. The Holy Ghost spoke powerfully through his winged arrows of searching truth, and perhaps the best battle the General has yet won on the Continent of Europe was decided when fifty men and women walked, or were led, from all parts of the circus into the arena.

But this, after all, is but the skeleton, or framework, of the General's visit to Stockholm. The soul of it was himself. The main of the campaign cannot be tabulated from the returns of the recruiting-meetings, encouraging as those were. The most prominent results were undoubtedly those of which the public knew nothing.

The General had four Field Officers' meetings, a united meeting of Local and Field Officers, and a Staff meeting—all richly clothed with an emotion of love and unity such as found a fitting expression in a baptism of sympathy and loyalty at the close, which made it difficult for the Officers to separate from each other.

Weekly Watchword:  
They Will be Done

"Children that lay their pretty garlands by,  
So pitiously, yet with a bumble mind,  
Sailors who, when the ship rocks  
the wind,  
Cast out the freight with half avert  
eye,  
Rites for life exchanging solemnly,  
Let them should never gain the wis  
ed-for shore—  
Thus we, O Father! standing  
before  
Do lay down at Thy feet without  
sigh,  
Each after each our precious thin  
and rare,  
Our dear heart-jewels and our ga  
lands fair;  
Perhups Thou knowest that the flow  
would die,  
And the long-veaged hoards be fo  
but dust;  
So look on them while unchanged;  
Thus we trust  
For incorruptible treasure. Thou

## DAILY TONIC.

SUNDAY.  
Earth and the Skies Unite in Sub  
mission.—Matt. vi. 10.  
God's will in heaven's land. It's h



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"I" and facing  
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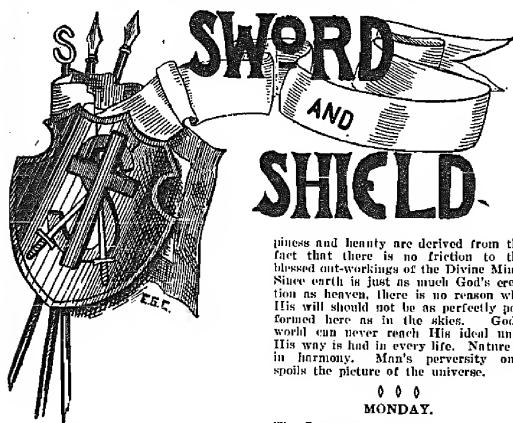
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## Weekly Watchword: Thy Will be Done.

"Children that thy pretty garlands  
by  
So pitifully, yet with a humble mind ;  
Sailors who, when the ship rocks in  
the wind,  
Cast out the freight with half averted  
eye,  
Riches for life exchanging solemnly,  
Lest they should never gain the wished-for shore—  
Thus we, O Father! standing There  
before,  
Do lay down at Thy feet without a  
igh,  
Each after each our precious things  
and rags,  
Our dear heart-jewels and our gar-  
lands fair ;  
Perhaps Thou knowest that the flowers  
would die,  
And the long-voyaged haulds be found  
but dust ;  
So took'st thou while unchanged : to  
Thee we trust  
For incomparable treasure. Thou art  
just."

## DAILY TONIC.

SUNDAY.  
Earth and the Stars Unite in Submis-  
sion.—Matt. vi. 10.  
God's will in heaven's land. It's hap-

piness and beauty are derived from the fact that there is no friction to the blessed out-workings of the Divine Mind. Since earth is just as much God's creation as heaven, there is no reason why His will should not be as perfectly performed here as in the skies. God's world can never reach His ideal until His way is laid in every life. Nature is in harmony. Man's perversity only spoils the picture of the universe.

## MONDAY.

The Lesson of a Life-Time.—Acts xxi.  
14.

The lesson which takes most of us longest to learn in the school of sub-  
mission is outlined in this simple little  
verse. Yet nothing depends our peace  
of mind, position in God's heart, and  
success in the service to which we have  
called us. The mysteries which worry  
the heart of others find if not their ex-  
ploration a patient acquiescence which  
takes the annoyance out of them.

## TUESDAY.

Our Privilege to Know His Will.—Col.  
i. 9.

To do God's will we must know it, and  
God has made every provision that  
through the guidance of His Holy Spirit  
we should not be in the dark concerning  
it. Those who seek to know the will of  
God are not denied. There is such a  
thing as willful ignorance, and this is  
dangerous disobedience to be pained with  
by anyone.

## WEDNESDAY.

God's Will Done Through Me.—Psalm  
cxxxii. 10.

The more we realize the more we  
value the possibility of working out  
Divine purposes in our heart and life.  
It is God's pleasure to make us the  
instrumentality through which His plans  
for the world's blessing are wrought.  
If to this end is involved the pruning and  
perfecting of our character, nay we  
still say Amen to His will.

## THURSDAY.

The Only Way in Which I can do it  
Acceptably.—Eph. vi. 6.

To do the will of God so as to receive  
the "Well done" of Heaven, and to as  
fully as our capacity admits of fulfilling His  
wishes, we must do it from the heart.  
A grudging submission, a hesitating ac-  
quiescence, are mockeries to God, and  
serious faults on the part of the individual.

## FRIDAY.

A Whole-Hearted Surrender.—Matt.  
xxvi. 39.

To put God's interests first in all things  
and at all times is to reach nearest the  
soul's ideal attitude towards God. Our  
whole life should be given to His service con-  
fidently, and our perplexities find meaning  
in proportion to our willingness to place  
self last in our consideration and Heaven's  
interests first.

## SATURDAY.

A Life in Harmony with Heaven.—Ps.  
xxxi. 15.

To have a soul fitted with heavenly  
purity amid earthly distractions is high  
ground to attain to. This is possible if  
the soul is continuously in harmony with  
the will of its Creator and His ordering  
of its life and work.

**OUR WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON**  
THE GOLDEN CALF.

## Exodus xxxii. 1-13.

This narrative shows the Israelites in  
the most discreditable light in which they  
have yet appeared. Their faithlessness  
has thrown all gratitude and confi-  
dence alike aside, and is an instance  
of how soon men can forget the most  
lavish blessings bestowed by Heaven.

The Children of Israel here proved  
themselves to be of that untrustworthy  
type of people who are only to be de-  
pended upon when their leader's eyes  
are upon them. When his back was  
turned they forgot their covenant and  
promises, forgot his trust in them, forgot  
more than all the ever-present Eye of  
God which was upon them, and wholly  
lapsed into an idolatry by which they  
had not been enslaved for generations.

Moses was up in the mount talking to  
God, and staying, as he did, a long while

in that blessed communion, the doubting  
hearts he had left behind concluded that  
they should never see him again. They  
forthwith threw off the restraint which  
his presence would have exercised, and  
their murmurings and questionings found  
vent in the request for an idol.

This shows first that they must have  
been people whose memories were of  
that short, ungrateful character which  
takes God's gifts as a matter of course,  
and forgets the next day by whom they  
were given. They had had abundant  
proofs not only of the existence of God,  
but of His special favor and blessing  
towards them, yet now they are, in a  
moment's impulse overthrow their faith  
and withhold their service to seek a  
rod of gold ; and this in the face of the  
fact that they had been so strictly com-  
manded—"Thou shalt have no other  
gods but Me."

Then their action also reveals the  
flimsy spirit which must have actuated  
their worship, even while it had been  
given. If it had been real heart-alleg-  
iance to God, it would have been as true  
when Moses was away as when he led  
them personally. Pure religion and un-  
defiled is the same under and without  
supervision—of leaders, absence of  
spiritual shepherds, or alteration of  
circumstances make no difference to it.

The meet punishment of this iniquity  
would have been destruction, and this in  
justice would have fallen upon the idol-  
aters had it not been for the prayer of  
Moses, by whose intercession mercy  
withheld the avenging sword and gave  
the undeserving another chance. And  
there have been numberless illustrations  
throughout later history that the  
prayer of the righteous prevails with  
God for men.

## NEXT WEEK! NEXT WEEK!

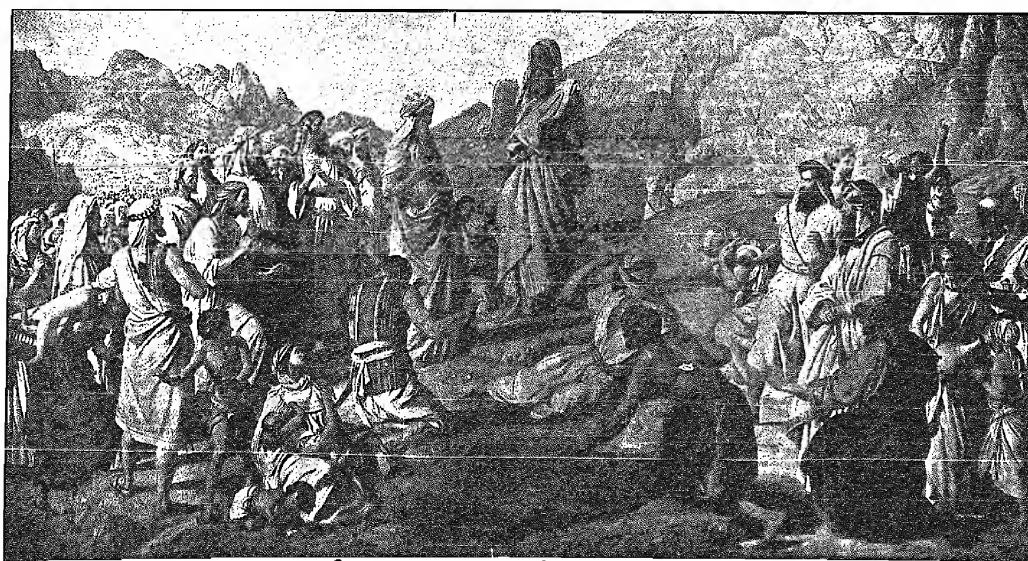
The Special

HARVEST  
FESTIVAL  
WAR CRY!

A Special Number at the Ordinary  
Price.

DON'T MISS IT!

He who is careless and lukewarm hath  
trouble upon trouble, and suffereth anguish  
upon every side, because he is  
without inward consolation, and is for-  
bidden to seek that which is outward.



MOSES' DESCENT FROM SINAI.

## Hits and Misses.

### H. F. Preparation Lessons—Founded on Fact

By J. E. M.

1. Capt. M.—almost doubled his big target. Magnificent victory! Points by which he won:

- (a) Began on time.
- (b) Brought the Juniors to the front.
- (c) Advertised the campaign in an original way.
- (d) Arranged stalls for Seniors and Juniors and made a good display in connection with the campaign.
- (e) In short, carried out the full program of Hand-Book.

Result—Was a joy to his P. O., an inspiration to his comrades and a comfort to his Commissioner.

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2. E. was going to do a big thing, assured himself, his P. O. and everybody else came in contact with that E. target was all right. Delayed organizing, collecting, etc., until the actual H. F. week. Postponed H. F. sale, forgot to advertise, got a few goods but nobody came to buy, was going to move the earth in theory and "gas," but did not heed himself to it, so he missed his \$90 target by \$80.

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3. Capt. T.—does not believe in collecting cash for H. F. because of its injury to S. D., applied himself and forces to acquire produce, goods, etc., his wife busying herself with needle, sewing machine and cloth and getting the sister to join her. Adhered to Hand-Book. Sold goods to great advantage at Festival. Hit their target handsomely and deserved it.

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4. Capt. —'s corps was behind with rent. Landlord was an outsider—worried the P. O. with the old yarn, "Soldiers and friends don't want money sent out of town." Went down to him under the narrow plan that "Charity begins at home." Fought the injunction of the Master, "Seek first the Kingdom," and put off staff and soldiers first and did nothing. Result—Few weeks later rumpus in the corps, nearly all the soldiers left, the few converts backsid and the Captain and the Army became disgraced.

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5. Capt. —'s corps, in similar difficulty as above for rent, etc., but the debt was three times as heavy. People made the same objections, "Must have the cash applied to local purchases or we won't do anything." Captain stood up to them, pleaded the Bible principle of giving the needs of the poor and unfortunate, who were in a far worse condition than themselves, shamed them with cases of self-sacrifice and self-denial and tackled the H. F. in dead earnest, praying as she was about it. Some opposed her and pulled out, some criticized, a few grumbled, others joined, and helped and helped. Result—Hit her target and won in the cash. God found a way to send the corps a good donation just after. Every soldier was delighted, and promised not to fight the H. F. of '90.

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6. Capt. — miserably failed. Could not bethor with reading that long, tedious Hand-Book. What did those who wrote it know about it? They were on the Staff. What did they know about leading a corps? Did a little towards the last, but was so late did not get half the target.

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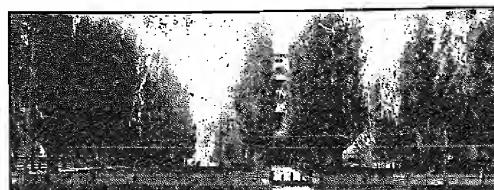
7. The Captain of A— was in early in the morning to catch farmers going to market and had her few soldiers going in all directions. Conversed systematically for fruits, vegetables and the like. Very small corps, but sent the H. F. up from \$7 to \$10. The few points helped Capt. S. to get \$27, although in '97 they did nothing.

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8. Through the combined effort of system, organization, spirit, determination, good precept and example, Capt. — fairly drove the H. F. forward returns from \$1 in '97 to \$72 in '98. Not a big town or corps either. This too brought Adj't. —'s corps from \$40 to \$72.

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9. Mere lack of interest, however, caused Capt. — to miss the target. What did it matter? What advantage would it be to me? There is enough to



Lawson Public School.

do without H. F. "Suppose I must do a little or I may get court-martialed," etc., and down went the amount from \$20 in '97 to \$13 in '98.

10. It was real hard work—a simple, practical putting the Hand-Book into action—that made Ensign — to bring her corps up from \$30 in '97 to \$140 in '98. She will do better still in '99. The same might be said of Adj't. — who, with an heroic struggle, dragged his corps from \$45 to \$80.

## A Trip up North

WITH  
Mrs. Staff-Captain Phillips.

We did not make a very bright beginning. In the first place, we had to be up at 5:30 a.m. in catch the train, and so felt tired. Then it was the day before the 1st, and the cars were very much crowded. This, with the intense heat, tried our faith and patience little.

However, we got to Stratford about breakfast time, with two hours to wait, just time we thought, to go up and see Mrs. Adj't. Hughes for a cup of tea. No sooner thought of than done, that Mrs. Hughes did not need any consoling. We got a good cup, and life at once took on a brighter hue.

We arrived at PALMERSTON at noon. The band was at the station, playing well for the time they have practised. Ensign Orrell had had dinner and tea arranged for the soldiers, and a very nice time we had.

It was the 10th anniversary of the corps. The crowds were very good,

the largest for months, and the income over twice the usual for the week-end. Capt. Helman and Sgt.-Major and Mrs. Kerswell, of London, were in evidence, the Captain at her old job of "Cry" pushing. The Sgt.-Major and his wife sang some lovely duets, and helped along generally.

"We are

The Champion Kne-Drillers of the District now," said Ensign, with a glowing face.

In the afternoon we had testimonies from some who had been saved 60 years and some of only a few months' standing. Everyone was the essence of kindness to us, and we enjoyed the visit very much.

On Tuesday we had a welcome address from the Senior members of the corps, and presented it with a handsome china tea set to Mrs. Keeler, amid green applause. The Juniors also had a welcome address and a present of a silver plated casket, which was presented to Mrs. Keeler on behalf of the Juniors, by Lillie Dickson.

After the program came the supper.

The table was in the hall in the front of the barracks. I don't know how to describe this part of the reception. How the tables creamed beneath the delicacies placed upon them, as the local papers put it, and so on. Lieutenant Pickle and Sister Carrie McQueen worked hard to get everything in the best possible shape. Everything was grand, and I know the Lieutenant, who managed the whole reception, was congratulated on all sides for the way she had managed everything, especially in the way the "tables were set."

On Saturday night we had a good lively meeting, and all day Sunday God's presence was felt amongst us. At night our brother came and gave his heart to God.

While we have been rejoicing over Capt. and Mrs. Keeler coming amongst us, yet we all felt sad at heart on Sunday night at having to say good-bye to our Lieutenant, who has been so faithful and worked so hard amongst us for nearly seven months. That God may bless her and make her a blessing to as many people in Senforth as she has been to people in St. Thomas, rises from the hearts of all her St. Thomas comrades.

One day in my professional residence at Sedalia, Missouri, I had opportunity to go to an adjacent town some miles distant. The engagement being very pressing, I could not wait for the regular passenger train, but was forced to make my way there in the caboose of the fast freight. There were several other gentlemen in the caboose when I boarded it. Among them I particularly observed one who appeared to be a carpenter, laboring under the burden of a heavy bag of tools.

It happened that on one side of the envelope stood a tub of fat, oily refuse, used, no doubt, for oiling the wheels and parts of the enormous freight machinery.

The atmosphere became very foul, this oily matter had melted and become very sloppy. During the progress of the journey, the carpenter, shifting his position from one side of the car to the other, very unfortunately stumbled over this tub of melted grease, splashing a large part over the clean floor of the caboose. He lamented the accident very sorrowfully, and proceeded, with a few oil sacks that were lying in one corner, to correct the mischief as quickly as possible.

At that moment, however, the conductor or the train came in. The carpenter stumbled out some apologies; but the conductor, a hot-tempered man, fired up in a rage, and, with the side of the enormous grease spot on the immaculate floor of his caboose, and for fully five minutes he showered upon that unfortunate carpenter such a torrent of the vilest abuse that it causes an involuntary shudder even now as I recollect it.

At the next station the carpenter signified his intention of getting off. He appeared to be very weak, and his countenance showed an unusual paleness, whether on account of the sultry condition of the atmosphere or the fierce on of that brutal conductor, was not then in a position to move. At my rates accompanied by a disinterested and courageous mate, I went up to that

gentleman as the train was slowing up, and in a kindly manner, offered to assist him and his heavy burden from the steep platform. He looked at me with a most peculiar look of surprise, which, since he said nothing, I immediately construed into an acceptance of my services.

Six years after, I was walking one evening, along the streets of Sedalia, when I observed someone coming rapidly along the pavement behind me. When he had caught up with me, he tipped his hat very respectfully, and inquired:

"Sir, are you Dr. Y—?" calling me by name. I answered in the affirmative.

"Don't you recognize me?" he said. I replied that I did not.

He then explained that he was my friend the carpenter, whom I had assisted from the platform of the fast freight on a certain hot day in August, over six years ago. I, of course, recollect the incident immediately, and expressed great pleasure to have met him.

"Oh, sir," he went on in a most courteous manner, "but you did a most wonderful service for me that day by your kind offer of assistance. It means only a little act—but, sir, that little act saved me from a most terrible punishment."

I was naturally much surprised at such an announcement, and became greatly interested in the story, but he continued.

"I had intended, sir, in the bitterness of my soul, to have revenge on that dog of a conductor. In fact, my mind had already been fully made up to bury that heavy hammer I had with me in his head. But your kind words, breaking so unexpectedly on my dark, gloomy feelings, arrested my unworthy purpose. I was ashamed; but I determined to show myself a man, and kept back the impulse that was gaining its control over me. I did it, sir, and I am a free man to-day; God bless you! I shall never forget it."

My heart was too full for reply. I extended my hand, and as the unrestrained tears sprang up in each other's eyes, we warmly clasped hands and parted. And as I walked home that evening, more slowly than usual, I thought how sweet life would be, without such ostentatious philanthropy, for which we sometimes have such an extravagant regard, we might begin to cultivate such a spirit of kindly forbearance and helpfulness, one toward another, that the hundred minutes of daily life go ticking fast away, we might have them filled up by just such little offerings of love and kindness.—Alexander H. Robbins.

## An Adventure On the Fast Freight.

Among

During the summer (June) we went to the mountains. The Purse, however, was not very large.

They have a beautiful quiet place, following a river for a minute each day, we reached it, and saw the mountains and the river.

Our Editor said, "It is a sweet-looking place, a pretty and airy, and is surrounded by two fair-faced themselves."

Our Editor said, "She spoke plain in the language of the Army in India, we were in the conclusion, article on the for publication in circulation."

We rose early, and what the editor said.

It started at the girls' school. It was a fine day. Those three having so many beautiful traits of character, arms, cut-wrists, etc., were most attractive.

A Divine

episode.

The poor

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## An Adventure On the Fast Freight

One day in my professional residence in Sedalia, Missouri, I had occasion to go to an adjacent town some miles distant. The engagement being very private, I could not wait for the regular passenger train, but was forced to make my way there in the caboose of the fast freight. There were several other citizens in the caboose when I boarded it, among them I particularly observed one who appeared to be a carpenter, owing under the burden of a heavy load of tools.

It happened that on one side of the caboose stood a tub of fat, oily refuse, no doubt, for oiling the wheels and parts of the common freight machinery. The atmosphere being very warm, the oily matter had melted and become very sloppy. During the progress of the journey, the carpenter, shivering his from one side of the car to the other, very unfortunately stumbled over a tub of melted grease, splashing a great part over the clean floor of the caboose. I lamented the accident very loudly, and proceeded, with a few suchks that were lying in one corner, to correct the mischief as quickly as possible.

At that moment, however, the conductor of the train came in. The carpenter hurried out some apology; but the fitter, a hot-toasted man, flared up in instant at the sight of that ungodly grease spot on the immediate of his caboose, and for fully five minutes he showered upon that unfortunate carpenter such a torrent of abuse that it causes an involuntary shudder even now as I recollect it. The next station the carpenter sighted his intention of getting off. He tried to be very weak, and his companion showed an unusual paleness, her on account of the sultry condition of the atmosphere or the force of that hot sun. I conducted him in a position to sit. At my prompted by a disinterested and benevolent motive, I went up to that man as the train was slowing up in a kindly manner, offered to assist in his heavy burden from the steamer. He looked at me with a most ing look of surprise, which, since he nothing, I immediately construed an acceptance of my services. years after, I was walking one day along the streets of Sedalia, and saw someone coming rapidly the pavement behind me. When I caught up with me, he ripped his eyes respectfully and inquired: "are you Dr. X?" calling me. I answered in the affirmative. "I don't you recognize me?" he said. I then explained that he was my carpenter, whom I had as from the platform of the fast freight on a certain hot day in August, six years ago. I, of course, recollect the incident immediately, and said great pleasure to have met

air! He went on in a most manner, "but you did a most wonderful for me that day by your kind assistance. It was only a little but, sir, that little act saved me being a murderer." A naturally much surprised at such remonstrance, but became greatly interested in the story, but he continued: "I intended, sir, in the bitterness of my soul, to have revenge on that dog minister. In fact, my mind had been fully made up to bury that minister I had with me in his tomb. But in kind words, breaking expectedly on my dark gloomy, interested my unworthy purpose, ashamed, but still continued to himself a man, and kept back the impulse that was gaining its control over me. I did it, sir, and I am in to-day; God bless you! I never forget it."

part was too full for reply. I my hand, and as the unrestrained eyes sprang up in each other's eyes, only grasped hands and parted. I walked home that evening, only than usual, I thought how far I had come. If, without such love philanthropy, for which we can have such an extraordinary might begin to cultivate such of kindly forbearance and help one toward another, that as the minutes of daily life go ticking by, we might have them filled up such little offerings of love and

—Alexander H. Robbins.

## THE WAR CRY.

7

## Amongst the Fire Worshippers in India.

By LIEUT-COL.

DURING my somewhat short stay here, the conversion of the Parsees (Fire Worshippers) was laid strongly upon my heart, and in response to much prayer on their behalf, in a remarkable manner, God opened up the way for me to do some Gospel pioneering work amongst them. I particularly observed one who appeared to be a carpenter, owing under the burden of a heavy load of tools.

The Parsees are a wealthy and haughty race. We held such of their number in embrace the Christianity of Christ. This is absolutely and literally cut-off from the poorest and most sacred ties of relationship.

They have, however, some naturally beautiful qualities, and perhaps the following brief incidents, called from among a unique experience, will illustrate why we yearned, by the help of God, to draw aside the veil of mystery and illusion, and see them rejoicing in the full light and love of a Saviour's pardoning grace.

### Prayers with a Parsee Editor.

Quite early one morning my comrade and myself found ourselves in an elegantly-furnished apartment in Bombay, awaiting the entrance of a Parsee Editor.

The door opened and in walked three sweet-looking Parsee girls. They formed a pretty and fascinating picture, as half-darkness and half-light revealed curiously they satiated in Eastern fashion the three fair-faced girls, who, sitting like themselves, had called upon them.

Our Editor was one of the three. She spoke perfect English, and we were soon in the midst of an interesting discussion on the work of the Salvation Army in India. Many and interesting were the questions they asked, and in conclusion, I was invited to write an article on the late Mrs. General Booth, for publication in their paper that had a circulation amongst Parsees the wide world over.

We sat to part, when, as was my custom everywhere in India, no matter what the caste or creed, I asked if we might pray before we said good-bye.

A startled look crossed the features of the girls, when, smothering up courage, the Editor consented.

It was a sight ever to be remembered. Those three girls of grace and talent, having so much, and yet in need of the beautiful, soul-lifting, imperishable truths of Jesus, humbly low. We arrived home around, with other visitors, with serious looks, full of almost alarmed interrogation, they stood there as we two knelt to pray.

A Divine influence hallowed the touching episode. God was surely wondering.

ALICE LEWIS.

fully present in our midst. And as we ended a burning request to our precious Saviour that He would flash into the hearts of those dear girls His spirit of truth and revelation, we heard timidly and softly whispered across the room from the lips of our listeners an earnest and resolute "Amen!"

### In the Home of the Upper Class.

Sometimes I had to visit alone. On such an occasion, I made my way to the superb and palatial bungalow on Mahabali Hill, of one of the wealthiest Parsees in Bombay. I was ushered into an extraordinarily large reception room, furnished for visitors regardless of cost. Almost every phase of art was elaborately represented there.

Having to wait a while, I had ample time to mull mental notes. I observed that in the rear of the room were several small rooms screened off by extremely coarse shutters. I then observed one being unlined fully a half-hour, when one of these shutters was slowly opened and there issued forth a Parsee of slight stature and build. From his clasped hands there hung a string of Oriental beads, while around his wrists was the Parsee's triple cord, showing their trinity of doctrines — good thoughts, good words, good deeds.

As the Parsee approached me he apologized for detaining me by saying "The Lord has been my prayer." He gave me much patient and courteous hearing, thanked me for the Salvation Army, for the work it was doing in India, and bade me a liberal donation towards our Social work there.

### The Parsee Mode of Funeral.

How vague are their ideas of a future life. I have studied their written books and have conversed with their people. They told me frankly that their women prayed in a tongue the meaning of which they did not know. They rely entirely upon their own merits, and around all their brightest and best intelligence is woven the shadow of the unknown.

They have stood in their burial grounds, the famous Towers of Silence, and have shuddered while one of the best known Parsees of the city explained how they bury their dead.

The corpse is laid upon a stretcher and carried to the cemetery, followed by a few of the nearest relatives. Within so many feet of the Tower, the body is taken by the cemetery attendants and put through an iron door on to a sort of grid-iron inside the Tower. The attendants take every scrap of clothing off the body, and then, after the winded hands, are then writh until the first vulture swoops down through the open-topped Tower and plucks no eye from the dead face. Then they retire outside, tell the friends which eye was plucked first, (as a great deal of significance about the future depends upon this important fact), leaving the vultures to do their awful work. By-bye the bones of the body drop through the hairs right down into a time-lined pits beneath, which the waters of the sun rise continually in and carry the whitened bones out into its depths.

The dead is reckoned nucleon, and therefore must not defile the elements of

fire, earth, air, or water. Hence this, to us, revolting putting away of those gone before.

### In the Castle of a Baronet.

I had been instructed to see a Parsee Baronet about our work. One day, therefore, we drove up to his grand looking castle. I was rather surprised at the comparative insignificance of the entrance, as at a distance the palace had seemed so massive. However, we lighted and walked inside the door, when, to our confusion, we were immediately surrounded by quite a large number of Parsees, young, middle-aged, and old. Both in English and Gujarati, they bombarded us with some rather awkward questions, as, for instance, "Were we married?" and "How many children have we?" and so on.

We were feeling extremely embarrassed when a messenger arrived to say we had driven to the wrong door, and that the Baronet and his mother were waiting us at the castle.

We subsequently found out that we had entered the Dowry House, where the Dowry, with various ornaments, resided together at the expense of the head of the family, the Baronet next door.

We were cordially received and an account of our work invited. We utilized every opportunity at bringing in the sublime truths and principles of our God. A magnificent Grand Piano was in the apartment, and the Baronet asked me to sing one of our little Army songs. With trembling heart, and with a prayer on my lips that the effort might fit in with the spirit of the effort put forth in weakness might be blessed and used of God, I sang in the Gujarati language that glorious song —

"Just as I am, without one plea."

It was with glad beholding in our hearts my comrade and I subsequently bade farewell, replying that we had been so privileged as to wait through the lofty castle on wings of holy song, such messages of Divine yearning and inspiration.

Not always were we thus received but the tokens of appreciation out of regard for one lofty Hindu garb and our chosen native habits, were ample sufficient to encourage me forward in spreading a knowledge of Jesus and His power to save amongst the Fire Worshippers of Bombay.

### Social Secretary's Notes.

We were pleased to note that the officers of the St. John's Slum Corps, for the month of June, visited:

- 15 families,
- 14 saloons,
- 63 sick and dying persons.

Surely the Saviour will say to those dear officers, "I was sick and ye visited Me."

Things are looking up at the Lifeghost, Toronto, under Capt. King. I found that for the month of June 1,275 beds were supplied, and 28 applicants for employment were registered.

But of course the Lighthouse, at Montreal, with more accommodation, does better than that, and records the following high figures for the same month: 2,370 beds and 9,848 meals supplied, and 23 found employment through the bureau. Ensign Collier is in charge.

We have received the first reports from Dawson City Shelter and Woolsey. Adj't. Frank Morris, the officer in charge of the work there, reports very favorably.

The following are some of the results of the work accomplished in the different institutions throughout the Territory for the month of June:

- 7,947 beds supplied.
- 16,431 meals supplied.
- 187 men have been found employment.
- 72 spiritual meetings have been held.

And there were four Shelters to be heard from. This and much better will do.

J. S. PUGMIRE,  
Social Secretary.

The poor, the starving, the homeless, the suffering children of the street, all cry out to you to give your share out of your stores and harvestings, which you have reaped by the blessing of God, to bless with it your less fortunate fellow-men.

In my youth I never did apply Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood: Nor did I with unfeigned forehead wear The means of weakness and debility: Therefore my age is as a lusty winter, Frosty but kindly. —Shakespeare.



"These ducks keep calling out 'Walk-walk!' Why, ye foolish fowl, be content to ride in the wagon. If I would let you walk the five miles to the barracks there would be little fat left on your backs, and you would fetch only a poor price for Harvest Festival."

### A Prisoner's Poem.

By JNO. W. COGHILLAN.

I am a Deep Lodge prisoner,  
But always glad to tell  
Of Him Whose love is with me,  
Who saves from the gates of hell:  
Who pleased His captive to be  
For love, His love, consumeth me.

No bolts, no bars, I never see,  
No stripes or fettors know,  
My prison cell is radiant fair,  
His peace, His presence's everywhere;  
I look through God's own eyes of light,  
He changed them when He gave me sight.

Just as I am, without one plea."

It was with glad beholding in our hearts my comrade and I subsequently bade farewell, replying that we had been so privileged as to wait through the lofty castle on wings of holy song, such messages of Divine yearning and inspiration.

Not always were we thus received but the tokens of appreciation out of regard for one lofty Hindu garb and our chosen native habits, were ample sufficient to encourage me forward in spreading a knowledge of Jesus and His power to save amongst the Fire Worshippers of Bombay.

I look through grated windows,  
And see the beautiful snow  
Scattered o'er date and mountain,  
Where the rivers in torrents flow:  
Whilst gazing on this earthly sight  
My soul drinks in the heavenly light.

Oh! what nights of peaceful slumber  
I with my Saviour have,  
The angels are hovering over us,  
Seeing that all is well;  
That's why I have no fear of night,  
I keep my armour clean and bright.

Before I knew my Saviour  
I was in a prison thrown,  
Then I fought in Satan's army,  
With the will of a frenzied clown;  
The shackles of sin were bolted tight,  
One stroke of God's banner, and all was right.

My comrades of former days, however,  
Lest a fate like mine be your lot to share,  
Enter the ark while the door stands wide,  
Escape for your life from the tempest and strife;  
Let the King of kings your captain be,  
There's a crown in heaven for you and me.

In Emanuel's arming he fully clothed,  
Go, said on faith's shield and the  
Spirit's sword,  
Rivet thy broadsabre close and tight,  
And shoe thy feet with the Gospel's light;  
Then bind thy loins with truth so fair,  
And salvation's helmet thy brow will wear.

To the breeze let the Gospel's banner wave,  
Go, comfort thy brother's soul to save,  
Follow the Saviour hark and strong,  
He'll lead to battle with His warriors' song;  
Prove thy tried weapons against the foe,  
When the victory's won thy trumpet blow.

### THE DATES FOR THE Harvest Thanksgiving Festival

THROUGHOUT THE TERRITORY  
ARE FROM

August 26th to 29th,  
(INCLUSIVE).

## GAZETTE.

## Promotion—

Capt. Thorkildson, to be ENSIGN.

## Appointments—

ADJT. SMITH to take charge of the Indian work on the coast of British Columbia.

ENSIGN THORKILDSON to assist in the Indian work on the coast of British Columbia.

Capt. Rowe, Int. of the C. O. P., to the District Financial Special in the Montreal District.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Field Commissioner.



## "In Everything Give Thanks."

Such is the exhortation of Paul, and such devout men have preached and practised throughout the ages. We are supposed to thank the Lord daily for his innumerable benefits, but there are seasons when we have special opportunities, and can do it in a practical manner and most suitably. Harvest Festival is the most appropriate of seasons for rejoicing and thanking God for His mercies by blessing those less favored than ourselves, and by supporting such efforts that are put forth to advance the interests of the Kingdom of Heaven. We do the planting and cultivating, but God giveth the increase. Let us recognize this, whether we are tillers of the ground or toilers of the shop. It is the blessing of God that mysteriously multiplies the handfuls of men and the remnant of oil in the curse of the widow. And it is the curse of God that blights every hope and scatters the ill-gotten wealth of the wicked. Let us, therefore, give willingly in kind of the direct or indirect fruits of our labor, and so make this Harvest Festival a real Thanksgiving Season, a rejoicing in the Lord, a bringing in of the tithes, a gleaning time for the Ruths of society, and the occasion of a jubilee in heaven over a harvest of souls.

## The S. A. Exhibition.

The Great Salvation Army Exhibition, recently held in the Agricultural Hall, London, has been a unique success. It has brought the multitudes in touch with all phases of Salvation Army work, it has been a gigantic object lesson to every visitor, it has won the sympathy of many indifferent or hostile persons, and has proved a great impetus to our own soldiers and officers. We shall endeavor to describe briefly the main features of the Exhibition in our II. P. War Cry.

## The Chief Secretary

## AT THE COAST.

(Special)

The Chief Secretary's Pacific tour has been a grand success all through. Hot reception everywhere. Wedding at Spokane. Great open-air demonstration at Rossland. Met at Vancouver by Indian Band from the North. Excellent meetings, souls.

HOWELL.



I have just returned from the West. It was only a hurried visit, principally on business, with 23 meetings thrown in. How many times was I asked, "What do you think of the West?" Well, I really could not state the exact number. The Salvation Army, its present and future, is the question that interested me most, and as the crowds are going up thousands of people every year pour into it, and there is still room for thousands more—my opinion is, we have not heard the last of the great Northwest.

At Winnipeg our highest ambitions were reached, as far as the meetings were concerned. Crowds were good, and soldiers were enthusiastic for souls. Arrangements were made for the erection of a new barracks. Adj't. Kerr has arrived, and great things are expected of her. Everybody looks likely for a grand harvest.

We had the privilege of being present at two officers' councils. What a chance these North-West officers have! How the angels would like to take their places and pioneer the Salvation Army in that great country. May these officers be faithful to the great God-given opportunity.

We were sorry to find Major McMillan anything but well; however, some arrangements were made for him to have a rest, which I trust, will prove very beneficial to him.

My next stop was Lethbridge, after 24 hours' run, passing through the beautiful wheat fields of Manitoba. If I mistake not a bountiful harvest is in store for the farmers. This should make the Harvest Festival a grand success. All that I have thought impressed me, the goodness of God in giving the wealth to the nations, without which the free air, sun and rain would not be worth a dollar. May we be more thankful and recognize in Him the Author and Giver of every good gift.

Lethbridge is a nice little flourishing town, with plenty of fresh air, plenty of room for growing, beautiful prairies all round, and a beautiful S. A. corps. The principal industry is coal mining. We had a very encouraging meeting and received the greatest kindness from the officers and soldiers. Capt. Mitchell and Lieut. Wicks hold the fort.

Now for some mountains. We start at 7:30 a.m. to go over the new Crow's Nest Pass Railway. I am no good at describing scenery, it is not in my line. Four hours' run we go around, along the side, up, over, and down the mountain. Towns are already sprouting up. We passed by Fernie and Cranbrook. Someone ought to deed a piece of land free to the Army in both of these new towns. Let it be on a front street and hard up in the mountain where it is hard to reach.

We arrived at Nelson next day. Brigadier Howell meets us here. We have at Nelson a very nice brass band, a good-sized corps. I enjoyed the very fine open-air meeting, also the good meeting inside, with some souls seeking salvation. The comrades are busy with building schools, etc. I think our visit will considerably help them to a successful termination. Adj't. Woodruff and Capt. Bonaceto are in charge.

Rossland was all alive the day of our arrival, being Trades' Union Day. We have not heard the last of Rossland yet. Our work has been hindered for want of large barracks. We held our meeting in the street, a temporary platform had been erected. The city gives a much more solid look, or "come-to-stay appearance," than is generally supposed. The corps is building a new barracks, comprising a large hall, junior hall, off-

ers' quarters, etc. Capt. Haas and Quant are pushing it in red-hot style.

Looking over the mountains at first it may be considered a little out of the question to be able to have a Harvest Festival Thanksgiving. So it would be with regards to a harvest of wheat and fruit. The harvest of the mountains is not golden grain, but gold, silver, copper, etc. They were placed there by an All-wise Creator: therefore let us recognize it, and render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things which are God's.

Spokane, the Headquarters of the Pacific, is salvation all alive. We have here a good corps a Rescue Home, and Men's Shelter. I stayed here for two days. We had very successful meetings. The prospects are excellent for a road future. Staff-Capt. Gage is fast becoming a Westerner; he likes the West and the West likes him.

Our finish up was at the coast cities, Victoria and Vancouver. Our visit to the former was very short, owing to important engagements which had to be made. I spent the Sunday at Vancouver. Ensign Lester in charge. Staff-Captain Galt was introduced as

the District Officer of the Coast District, with Headquarters at Victoria. The crowds were good, a very nice influence prevailed all the meetings. There were some seekers at the Mercy Seat.

Adj't. Robt. Smith and Ensign Thorkildson was dedicated to the Indian Work, and has sailed North for the purpose of pushing the claims of God among that race. We had the assistance of the Indian Band on Sunday.

## NOW READY!

## "LIFE OF JOHN READ."

Biography of the late Brigadier Read, written by Mrs. Read, who has endeavored to make the book not only a worthy memorial of a faithful character, but a true portrayal of a typical Army officer's life.

The book will be the size of Mrs. Booth's "Popular Christianity," about 200 pages, and is of two qualities—the first bound in the best English cloth, with gilt lettering on the cover; the second with a real good paper cover. The paper in both is exceptionally fine. There will be a good frontispiece picture of Brigadier Read, never before published, and a sketch of his life, and music, with a small sketch of his last resting place in "Avue Park."

The price has been set at the lowest possible figure, 50 cents for the cloth and 30 cents for the paper. The profits will be devoted to the Rescue Work. In the United States the price will be 60 cents and 40 cents, owing to import duties.

Order at once from Brigadier Mrs. Read, James St., Toronto.

## THE CHIEF SECRETARY'S TOUR

Colonel Jacobs Visits the Pacific Province—A Most Successful and Enjoyable Tour—Our Western Troops Delighted with the Visit of the Colonel—A Wedding at Spokane—Indian Brass Band Meets the Colonel at Vancouver.

By BRIGADIER HOWELL.

W E hailed with delight the announcement of the Chief Secretary's Pacific tour, and looked forward with pleasure to his arrival at Nelson, B. C., a city of growing importance.

Here we have a splendid corps and a fine band. The P. O. went up the Kootenai Lake to meet our worthy Colonel. He received a warm welcome from both the P. O. and the Western mosquitoes, who seemed delighted to meet him on the boat.

The meetings Saturday night and all day Sunday were grand in every respect. Everybody was charmed with the Colonel's visit.

Excellent meetings Saturday night and Sunday. The C. S. did a good stroke for God and the Army in the Kootenai. His straight talks went home and many remarked he was a good sample of H. Q. Staff.

July 37th, the day of the Colonel's visit to Rossland, happened to be Miners' Union Day, perhaps the most important day of the year in this part of the world. The rustling Captain of the Rossland corps was up to date, and had obtained permission from the Mayor and arranged a great open-air demonstration. The street was almost blocked and the Colonel received a rousing welcome from the soldiers and citizens of that lively city. The C. S. was much impressed with the supply of ice cream soda, at two bits a dish.

Treasurer Bauer welcomed the Colonel on behalf of the soldiers and citizens. This visit was a grand success.

After a long, thirsty ride on the S. F. and N. Ry., we arrived at Spokane, the S. A. seat of government for the Pacific Province. Adj't. Stevens had made excellent arrangements for the event. Here

the C. S. met some old and new comrades, who gave him a hearty welcome. Adj't. Stevens, Adj't. and Mrs. Dodd, Ensign and Mrs. Alward and Mother Langtry all took part. An interesting ceremony took place. During the Chief's visit Bro. Vaughan and Sister Green were married under the flag. Everybody knows the Colonel's ability on such occasions as this. Everything went off in splendid order. Spokane people fell in love with our honored Colonel.

Another flying visit to Rossland, then on to the coast. Victoria gave the distinguished visitor a fitting reception. His stay was very short but he enjoyed his visit.

And now comes Vancouver, the enterprising city of British Columbia. We were surprised to find the Indian brass band here to meet the C. S., whose visit to the coast was on their account. They were highly delighted to find that their very effort for help had been heard and officers are now sent to them.

The Colonel was charmed with the state of the corps and social institution. He eulogized the officers, Adj't. and Mrs. Patterson, Ensign Lester and Captain Duthie, for their work. The meetings here were times of blessing to officers, soldiers and people alike. The Colonel left an excellent impression behind him. The crowds and marches were all that could be desired. The C. S. was ably assisted by Staff-Capt. Galt at Nelson and Vancouver. She caught on fine at both places, and I can assure you receive a warm reception from her B. C. officers and soldiers. We predict for her a grand run of success on the coast.

Adj't. Smith and Ensign Thorkildson took part in the meetings at Vancouver. Our worthy comrades are appointed to commence operations among the Indians up north. The Colonels seemed very much pleased with his visit. We were delighted with his presence. The P. O. found him a great help while he was passing through deep waters of affliction. God bless the C. S.!

Mrs. Griffith, of  
SAINT AND S  
Promoted to Glory  
1889.

"I WATCHED a sail  
from sight  
Over the rolling  
white,  
A last far-dashed fare  
thought,  
Slept out of mind, it van  
not,

Yet, to the helmsman s  
wheel,  
Broad seat still stretched  
ing keel,  
Disaster? Change? Ho  
est sign.  
Nor dreamt he of the  
line.

So may it be, perchance,  
tide,  
Our dear ones vanish,  
glide  
On level seas, nor mark  
bound,  
We call it death—to the  
yond."



MRS. GRIFFITH  
Of the Temple Corp

These beautiful thoughts  
ing away of the saint see  
propriate to one whose  
been a sudden and un  
thought of mind on her  
high call, which had  
spirit of her whom man  
lives farewell from earth  
crowning in heaven.

We always knew that  
life was frail, but that it  
should have been so  
warning sent a staff of  
the wide circle of officer  
friends who knew and  
rade.

One hot July after  
Toronto a long trip  
one who had been  
days with an old friend  
"I never remember mother  
months," one said afte  
both looked and spoke st  
a long time.

It was after 10 before  
home, and then her chil  
them sitting up for a  
At half-past twelve, the  
strangeness stealing over  
Griffith called out that  
the next parasol of  
lower, one who came  
"Oh, let me f

Before ten minutes the  
struggle was over, and  
heaven richer by one.

The sorrow of the child  
was great when the red  
dawn down upon the  
harshest moment they  
for her to whom their  
infinite gain. She had  
suffering in her frame  
trated with weakness to  
she met a friend, and  
gray pale with the morn  
was about to leave  
the last seemed an  
aloe, had whispered  
nough," and with it  
taken her to the bed  
weariness is soothed at  
never known.

The funeral was a wide respect and affect

district Officer of the Const. with Headquarters at ... The crowds were good, a very audience prevailed at all the meetings were some seekers at the Mercy

Rob. Smith and Ensign Thor- was dedicated to the Indian and has sailed North for the of pushing the claims of God that race. We hail the assistance Indian Band on Sunday.

NOW READY!

E OF JOHN READ."

graphy of the late Brigadier written by Mrs. Read, who has tried to make the book not only memorial of a faithful character but a true portrayal of a typical officer's life.

book will be the size of Mrs. "Popular Christianity," about 250 pages, and is of two qualities—the book and in the best English cloth, gilt lettering on the cover; the with a real good paper cover, both in both is exceptionally fine, will be a good frontispiece picture. Brigadier Read, never before seen, and a special memorial song with a small sketch of his life. Price, \$1.50. At the Park, this has been set at the lowest figure, 50 cents for the cloth cover, the paper cover. The proceeds will be devoted to the Rescue Fund. In the United States the price is 60 cents and 40 cents, owing to duties.

at once from Brigadier Mrs. Ames St., Toronto.

ARY'S TOUR

A Most Successful and En- gaged with the Visit of the — Indian Brass Vancouver.

ELL.

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**Mrs. Griffith, of Toronto,**  
**SAINT AND SOLDIER,**  
**Promoted to Glory July 28th,**  
**1889.**

"I WATCHED a sail until it dropped from sight Over the bounding sea. A gleam of white, A last far-flashed farewell, and like to thought, Slip out of mind, it vanished and was not.

Yet, to the helmman standing at the wheel, Broad sea still stretched before the gliding keel. Disaster? Change? He felt no slightest sign. Nor dreamed he of that dim horizon line.

So may it be, perchance, when down the tide Our dear ones vanish. Peacefully they glide On long seas, nor mark the unknown bound. We call it death—to them 'tis life beyond."



MRS. GRIFFITH,  
Of the Temple Corps, Toronto.

comrade was held. The memorial conducted by Mrs. Colonel Margetts, an old and intimate friend at the Temple, was a memorable service. The march, which followed, yet perhaps more so, Over 300 people made up the long procession which included Staff and Field Officers of all ranks and soldiers from all corps. The United States numbered 30 or 40 persons. The six women bearers, distinguished by white sashes, walked just in the rear of the horses. They were Major Stewart, and members of the League of Mercy, of which Mrs. Griffith was a devoted member.

The floral offerings and other expressions of sympathy were profuse. The Field Commissioner's message, by wire, was touching in its tender promise to guide and comfort those left behind.

When we reached the quiet Army burying ground at Mount Pleasant the evening was still and the stars were bright. We gathered around the grave, honored all that was mortal of our soldier-sister into its last resting-place, the rays of the setting sun burst in brilliance upon the large crowd, fit emblem of the life which though lost to sight, had risen to everlasting radiance in the skies.

To write a character-sketch of dear Mrs.

Griffith we must read the patience in pain which she constantly manifested, and the letters of loving service which she has inscribed upon hundreds of hearts. Hers was a life which, though necessarily shut by sickness from front rank fight, went along the good work with a spirit upon whose deepest could be diminished by disease and suffering."

She leaves her best memorial in her children, everyone of whom are given to God and the Flag. Two are Staff Officers of the Territorial Headquarters, one a Captain in the States, and the youngest daughter a Candidate for the Field. Her one ambition for them was the battle, and for this she trained them. Speaking only day to her writer, some months before her death, her young, white face lit up with a heavenly joy, as she said, "Oh, God has been more than good to me. All my children are His, and now, bless His Name, they are all under the same Flag."

In the lesson of what a mother's influence may do, our comrade, though dead, is yet speaking, and many who learn it will yet rise up to join those who call her blessed.

be heard five different nationalities each slinging in their own language in perfect harmony.

XXXXX

Hotel-keepers proved to be very kind to the Staff-Captain on his tour west, lending their rooms for meetings, etc., something that has never been done before.

**SWEDEN.**

Great and far-reaching preparations are being made to bring the public together under the blessed influence of the General's preaching during his stay here. Besides the influence for going there are hundreds of officers and soldiers that travel to hear the General, will accomplish by dealing with souls on their journey in cars and on boats.

XXXXX

This the Comptroller has specially requested should be done.

XXXXX

Major Sundin has lately inspected our social institutions. In November, Dining room is lively. Between 500 and 600 meals served daily. The yard adjoining the steam kitchen is being prepared to accommodate guests who wish to take their meals in the open air, which will be agreeable to those working in close shops all day.

XXXXX

About 250 officers will change homes at the Congress.

At last report all but 2000 R. R. has been collected for the new Reserve Home in Stockholm.

**SOUTH AFRICA.**

Brigadier Maidment has been very un- well.

XXXXX

Brigadier and Mrs. Barratt have fare- well and sailed for England recently.

XXXXX

It reads rather refreshing when we are seeing a cool retreat from the heat, that South Africa is indulging in a spect- ial Winter War Cry in July.

The African party for the S. A. Ex- hibition, left on the "Gothic Castle," Ensign Brantley is in charge, and has a native contingent of four men and one woman.

**Harvest Festival.**

**SPECIAL MEETINGS**

Will be Conducted on

**Sunday, August 27th,**  
as follows:

Lippincott—Lt. Col. Margetts,

St. Catharines—Brig. Gaskin,

Temple—Brigadier Pugmire,

Newmarket—Mrs. Read,

Barrie—Major Collier,

Richmond St.—Staff-Captain

Creighton,

Cobourg—Staff-Capt. Manton,

Yorkville—Adjutant Wiseman,

Oshawa—Adjutant Adams.

**BRIGADIER MRS. READ**

Will Visit

LISGAR ST., on Sunday, Aug. 20th.

**NEXT WEEK! NEXT WEEK!**

The Special

HARVEST

FESTIVAL

WAR CRY!

A Special Number at the Ordinary Price.

DON'T MISS IT!



**UNITED STATES.**

Commander Booth-Tucker has just concluded an extensive trip through the Territory, which has resulted in all-round triumph.

XXXXX

During the absence of the Commander and Chief Secretary, the Consul has put in an exceptionally busy time at National Headquarters.

XXXXX

Staff-Capt. Lamb has been appointed to secretary assist Brigadier Chundler in his Training Superintendence.

XXXXX

The following are some of the Cent- ter Cities of the United States:

100 New Cities to be opened.

200 Corps to be added.

300 Outposts to be added.

30,000 additional Senting Accommodation.

10,000 additional Soldiers and Re- enrots to be enrolled.

5,000 Field and Local Officers to be added, including 700 additional Field Officers and Cadets, 1,000 Corps Cadets, 500 envys, 2,300 Local Officers and Company Guards, 10,000 additional Junior Company at- tendants.

14,000 additional Weekly Accommodation in Social Institutions.

10,000 additional Circulation of Weekly Papers.

20 New Cities, Divisional Head- quarters and Social Institutions.

\$50,000 Century Fund to be raised—the same being dedicated to work among the heathen in special branches of work in the U. S. A.

The opening of the Colored work in the South, the establishment of our work in Cuba and the Philippines will probably also commemorate the Century Advance.

XXXXX

A Sale of Work for the benefit of the San Francisco Children's Home netted about \$250.

XXXXX

Mrs. Colonel Higgins had a most great when the reality of their sudden loss dawned upon them, yet in their bitterest moment they could not grieve for her to whom their loss meant such infinite gain. She had had so much suffering in her life, often the weary frame was racked by agonies, and those watching grew pale with apprehension that she was about to leave them. At the last seemed as though God's voice had whispered, "It is enough," and with one brief spasm taken her to the land where all weariness is soothed away and pain is never known.

The funeral was a testimony to the wide respect and affection in which our

The Silver Lake, N. Y., Camp Meet- ings have proved a great hit. The crowds have been immense, meetings powerful, and over seventy people have sought salvation.

XXXXX

The Commander and Colonel Higgins have been conducting some triumphant meetings at St. Paul and Minneapolis.

XXXXX

**THE BRITISH ISLES.**

Sir Walter Besant and a party visited the Farm Colony the other day, and, under the leadership of Commissioner Cadman and Colonel Barker (Colonel Lamb being absent), toured round. To say all were interested and expressed satisfaction is the very mildest report; 'tis the intensity, and you'll be nearer the mark.

XXXXX

Liverpool is likely to have a Social institution of its own before long. A certain Social Staff Officer was instructed to find a suitable building, and a centrally-situated, spacious property, with commanding front, is the result. The main terms are agreed, and, probably, by the time this meets the eye of the reader we shall have acquired that which has been so long sought for in this busy, populous, and needy city.

XXXXX

The Travellers' Home in Railways has proved a great blessing and in that will get hold of the children, also the help of the parents.

XXXXX

Staff-Capt. Dryer, who is in charge of the work, has just been on a tour to Jeafford, a little town on the west coast of the Island. He held several successful meetings on board ship, and reports wonderful times.

XXXXX

The Staff-Captain, on his tour, held 13 meetings, got over 70 new subscribers for the War Cry and sold 250 copies, and had a wonderful time spiritually.

XXXXX

Open-air meetings are well attended, some hundreds of people listening to the Gospel, the Army being the first to preach in the open air in that country.

XXXXX

On a Sunday night recently might

## Pillars of Salt.

It stood about a stone's throw from the main road, down a little side street, like a deserted fort—the Army Barracks. A comrade officer and I were passing through the village, and we went down the side street to see the barracks. As the doors were locked, we picked up a piece of board and put it up against the building, and climbed over the wall, looking out the window. The glass had long since disappeared; the interior looked very familiar, like the interior of many an Army barracks. Facing us was the platform, the benches in their place and the hand-rail where the Captain had stood. The colors were resting in one corner and the drum all ready to be beaten. It would seem as though but last night the crowd had been there, and the Captain had pleaded with sinners, and the drummer beat his drum, and prayer and singing had risen alternately, but it was several years since this had been the case. The team had gone back from a commercial strait-jacket. The railway did not pass through, as had been expected, and the houses were many of them vacant. And, because of these things, the Army had been compelled to withdraw. There were several denominations there before them, and to build on another man's foundation was not our policy.

But to me that old deserted Army barracks has again and again come to my thoughts like one of the sad sights of my life. It stands to me like Lot's wife, a cold, dead pillar of salt that had once been a pillar of life, that the lighthouse depicted with no living soul, with its lamps like the beacons, with only the memory of what he used to be, and the stinging thought, "What I might have been."

I meet them in their home, and the greeting is unintentionally constrained, looking the old-time frankness and freedom, and as gradually our hearts warm toward the other as we pray and talk of God's dealings with us, comes the story:

"I used to be a Captain in the Army, but—Oh, well, with the fight of years, there come changes; but those were good old days. Such good times as did we have. I remember the night I helped poor old Bill, drunk as usual, to the penitent form. He is one of your soldiers to-day. And Harriet Jane, to the surprise of the town, got saved. Yes, this is me (as we looked over the photos, and came to one in full Salvation Army uniform when I was stationed at S—")

"And how are you in your soul to-day, comrade?" we ask, our hearts getting heavier every instant, as we gaze upon this pillar of salt and realize what a sorrow for good and the Army he had once been.

"Oh, you know I met with my husband (or wife). No, he was not saved; but I meant to win him for God and the Army. He don't quite approve of the Army, or, you know, some of the people who are in the Army. I'm not as good as I used to be. I try, but it is not the same," etc. etc.

We urge that Jesus is the same, and the Army the same, if only our own spirit is the same. But life and hope seem to be dead, and a weary shiver of the head and a sigh is the only response.

Of course, it is not always the same cause that brought about the backslidden experience; perhaps it was



Mother.—"Now Johnny, you go on and feed them there chickens at once, and feed them well. I don't want to give none of your skin and feather

things to the Lord. No, indeed, none but the best will do for the Harvest Thanksgiving Offering."

## Notes by the N.W.T.F.S.

## L. B. AGENTS, EYES THIS WAY!

Bro. Reht. Dunlop, of Lethbridge, comes in this first quarter, even taking the laurels from Winnipeg, by getting \$1.94 in advance. Lethbridge did \$30 and Winnipeg \$28.51.

Now, the question is, Will Lethbridge keep ahead? They did immense this quarter, and have the sincere congratulations of the T. F. S. God bless our kind comrades who helped us out.

God bless both my agents at Lethbridge. Mrs. Jawe, returning early to too late for this quarter. They will be reported next, though I must say that Lethbridge gained the victory over them, though Bro. Mihlbaugh, of Moose Jaw, has the work at heart his friends failed him. God bless both my agents at Lethbridge and Moose Jaw; I wish I had a hundred more like them.

Bro. Gill of Winnipeg, who has done so nobly, we are sorry to loose, but we will wish how he gets on through the Cry.

Jamesstown (two collections), Midway, Edmonton, Brandon, Calgary, Morden and Valley City did this time respectively \$8.26, \$7. \$6. \$5.69, \$5.36, \$4.81 and \$4.62.

God bless the agents for these places. They helped all the Province, and we trust will advance nicely next time.

Midway, under Mrs. Swain, deserves special mention, as it is a very small place and she did so nicely. One secret is, she collected on the train. Edmonton, Brandon, Morden and Calgary, boxes having run out two quarters. Morden is without an agent, which is too bad. Capt. Brandson came to my help, however very kindly.

Neepawa, Emerson, Selkirk, and Prince Albert did \$3.63, \$3.55, \$3.25 and \$3.01 respectively. Neepawa, Emerson and Selkirk had boxes out two quarters.

Moosomin (two collections), Minnedosa and Virden did \$2.82, \$2.22, and \$2.06 respectively.

Onake, Lisbon and Minto did over \$1 each, while other corps did lesser amounts.

To each and all L. B.'s the T. F. S. says, "God bless you!" I have learned to love the locals and am trusting for a fine advance next quarter. Wait and see what the Western friends are able to do.

The total this quarter was \$126.88. Some corps came in too late, consequently did not help to swell our total higher. Take warning for next time.—C. A. Perry. T. F. S.

## Misfortune.

Socrates was of opinion that if we had all our adversities and misfortunes in one common heap, with this condition, that each one should carry out an equal portion, most men would be glad to take up their own again.—Plutarch.

## THE DATES FOR THE HARVEST THANKSGIVING FESTIVAL

THROUGHOUT THE TERRITORY ARE FROM

August 26th to 29th, (INCLUSIVE).

## HUSTLERS' PORTRAIT GALLERY

A Weekly Peep at our Devoted "War Cry" Boomers and What They Have to Say.

IV.—Sister White, Houlton, Maine.

In selling War Crys I find it the most profitable way to start praying

God will make me a blessing, and have such as my main object in view. When I go this way I help to sell my papers, in meeting many different kinds of people, I make it a rule to be kind and interested in them all. Often,

when I meet a number of men together, I look and judge who is the most likely to buy, then I go to that man first, and as a general rule, all the rest will follow his example. I love to go into all places and do all I can in any way for my dear Saviour. Who has done so much for me.—Emily White.

+++

V.—Sergt. Case, Hamilton I.

Bro. Case is a typical Englishman, a thorough Salvationist, and a successful War Cry booster.

He believes in being out and about for God and is well-known and respected on this account by his workmates at the smelting works, where he is employed. He has sold War Crys a week for a long time, and during a local competition among the boomers lately, he has sold some weeks over a hundred copies. Bro. Case has the honor of taking first prize in the competition referred to. These sales represent much toil and effort on his part in addition to his regular daily work, but the blessing God gives him more than compensates for all the sacrifice.

+++

VI.—Sergt. Geo. Stanton, Hamilton I.

Sergt. Geo. Stanton, better known as "Uncle George," is an old warrior

of the Cross, and has been fighting the battle with the Army colors for nearly 15 years. Of the over a hundred soldiers of Hamilton I. corps, no one is better known or better loved than "Uncle George."

Always at his post, and ever ready with a hearty word and smile to encourage everyone he meets. His feelings are full of enthusiasm of age, and is unable to do the open-air in all weather as he used, but he never misses knee-drill and is seldom absent from an indoor meeting. He is a great lover of the War Cry and disposes of about 25 every week to regular customers, who are always glad to see him make his weekly call. Uncle George sings most easily; his favorite solo is "There's power in Jesus' Blood."

Lo! strength is of the plain root-vine tree born;

It is the offspring of the modest years.

The gift of sive to son through these

firm faws.

Which we name God's.

—George Meredith.



Ensign Habkirk, P.

Nelson Inspired by the War Cry's Vic-

NELSON, B.C.—On 16th, we had with us Brig. Howell, and Staff Good meetings. On Saturday there was a welcome evening by Band-master Frost. The band and corps, opinion, was done in a Baptist minister, who helped the friends. Your kind friend, Your humble servant, knee-drill, holiness, to them by Staff Captain Galt. In the evening it was heard his equal, which good, good meeting. Nelly. The Col. verses from the first beginning at the first he passed over the song, it out to the people to close two fell into the Lord. On was Staff Captain Galt is a Staff Captain, or the I would say to the Capt. Captain we extend the royal welcome, and pleased to have you. We are preparing to break, and when we get the Salvation Army have a nice a church.—M. S.

WINDSOR.—We had big times this past since you last heard Capt. Phillips has his last time to make of holy matrimony. The and Sis. C. Keen full house, and even OK! Among the speakers McCutcheon, who was very closely. Ensign Kenzie testified of a live and work together group. Capt. and M. have had just two years of married life. Ad. born was all there, many, and the brief speeches were short, more later. The Stu part well, and gave appeal to the shiners the invited guests w the home of the bride the united ones, and blessing.—S. B.



Sister Mrs. Watson (ex-Capt. McNaull), Calgary.

THE DATES FOR THE  
Harvest Thanksgiving  
Festival  
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V.—Sergt. Cao, Hamilton I.

Bro. Cao is a typical Englishman, a thorough Salvationist, and a successful War Cry boomer. He believes in the great antion for God and is well-known and respected on this account by his workmates at the smelting works, where he is employed. He has sold fifty War Crys a week for a long time, and during a local competition among the boomers lately, he has sold some weeks over a hundred copies. But Cao has the honor of taking first prize in the competition referred to. These sales represent much toll and effort on his part in addition to his regular daily work, but the blessing God gives him more than compensates for all the sacrifice.

++

VI.—Sergt. Cao, Stanton, Hamilton I.

Sergt. Geo. Stanton, better known as "Uncle George," is an old warrior of the Cross, and has been fighting the battle of the Army colors for nearly 12 years. Of the 1,000,000 soldiers of Hamilton I. corps, no one is better known or better loved than "Uncle George." Always at his post, and ever ready with a cheerful word and smile to encourage everyone he meets. He is feeling the infirmities of age and is unable to do the open-air in all weather as he used, but he never misses a knocker and is seldom absent from an indoor meeting. He is a great lover of the War Cry and dispenses of about 25 every week to regular customers, who are always glad to see him make his weekly call. Uncle George sings occasionally; his favorite solo is, "There's power in Jesus' Blood."

Lo! strength is of the plain root-vines now;  
It is the offspring of the modest years,  
The gift of sire to son through those  
firm laws  
Which we name God's.

—George Meredith.



Ensign Habkirk, Port Arthur.

Nelson Inspired by the Chief Secretary's Visit.

NELSON, B.C.—On the 15th and 16th, we had with us Col. Jacobs, Brig. Howell, and Staff-Captain Galt, God meetings. On Saturday night there was a welcome extended to them by Capt. Brewster Frost, on behalf of the band and corps, which in my opinion, were in good style. The Baptist minister also spoke on behalf of the friends. The Baptist minister is a true friend of the Army. Your humble servant not being at knee-drill or business meeting, have to pass them by. Sunday afternoon good meeting. Nearly all full house. In the evening it was grand. I never heard his equal, which is saying a good deal. The Colonel read seven verses from the first chapter of John, beginning with the first verse. I think he passed over the seventh, and dealt it out to the people around and another two full in the fountain. Praise the Lord. One was a bassist, Staff-Captain Galt is a nice singer and give us two or three nice little talks. I would say to the Colonel and Staff-Captain we extend to you a right royal welcome, and will be much pleased to have you with us again. We are preparing to build a new barracks, and when we get it erected we'll the Salvation Army of Nelson will have us nice a church as any of them. —M. S.

WINDSOR.—We have been having big times in this part of the world since you last heard from us. Staff-Capt. Phillips has been back to Windsor, this time to unite in the bonds of holy matrimony. Bro. D. Ballantyne and Sis. C. Keefer. We are all full house and everything worth of OK. Among the speakers was Capt. McCutcheon, who was watching things very closely. Ensign and Mrs. McKenzie testified of being satisfied to live and work together, also the right-hand supporters of the bride and groom, Capt. and Mrs. Keefer, who have had just two weeks' experience of married life. Adj't. and Mrs. Blackburn was all there with their testimony, and the bride and groom's speeches were short but we shall hear more later. The Staff-Captain did his part well, and gave a very touching speech to the shavers. After meeting the invited guests went to supper at the home of the bride. May God bless the united ones, and make them a blessing.—S. R.



Bandsman Watson, Calgary, N.W.T.

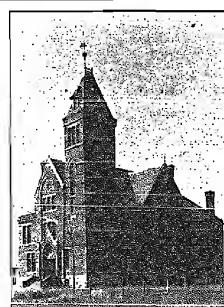
A Change of Leaders.

HALIFAX I.—Some waiters are returning to the Army. God. On Sunday night Adj't. McGillivray and wife and Capt. Jackson farewelled from this corps and district, after 12 months' of faithful work for the Mas-

ter. We have learned to love them for their humble and simple trust and obedience to the Divine will. Quite a number of souls have sought the Lord since they have been here. On Tuesday all the city corps united for the final farewell of the officers of this corps. Quite a big crowd in attendance. Ice cream served at close of the meeting, and the soldiers' meeting was a time of blessing and refreshment from the Lord. They go to Fredericton, where they will attend a special meeting to welcome our future leaders in the war in this corps. Adj't. John McLean and wife and Capt. Lamont, a very good meeting. I believe God is going to bless, and make them a great blessing to this corps. On Sunday grand meetings all day, commencing with a good knee-drill, and one soul in the fountain at night. Hallelujah!—Treas. Caslin.

TILE COVE.—Everything looks bright and beautiful. On Saturday night we had a "sing-song." At the close we had the joy of seeing one soul in the fountain. Sunday was a day that was enjoyed by us all. Good crowds. People are interested in our meetings.—Leander Smart, for Ensign Gosling.

ST. GEORGE'S, Ber.—Capt. Bell of the Hamilton Corps, was with us on Tuesday night. A strong band gave us a selected. Every evening, Capt. Bro. Hayes assisted Capt. Brewster on Sunday night. Lieut. Young having gone to the Somerset Corps. The week ended with four souls at the Cross.—R. S. C. C.



Court House, Jamestown, N.D.

words, expressed appreciation of the work accomplished through Adj't. Hay and his wife, adding kindly expressions of their gratitude for the spiritual helplessness. Rev. Mr. Tonge, of the South Butte Presbyterian church, spoke at the close of his own service. Mr. Tonge is a resourceful worker himself, and a warm friend of the Army. Both the Adj'tant and Mrs. Hay spoke some earnest farewell words. On leaving Butte, the officers will take a short furlough. The blessings of many Butte friends follow them.—By an Outsider.

A Splendid Troupe.

THEDFORD, B.C.—We were favored with a visit from Capt. and Mrs. Wotkefield, and a troupe of Band of Love children from Polynesia. They gave us an entertainment which was superb and was much appreciated by everybody. To say they are a lovely troupe is only putting it mild. Capt. Jarvis is hard at work putting up new quarters. Then Ford, R.C.

Back to the Fold Again.

CAMPBELLTON, N.B.—Our worthy spiritual special, Edith Andrews, has spent a week-end with us. Saturday night's service, "Life of Mrs. Booth," was excellent and well performed. Proceeds for week-end, \$15.57. The people of this town are very generous in their subscriptions towards the work of God. God bless them. One dear man who had been a soldier years ago came back to the fold and got properly saved.—G. P. T.

Perrow.

ANNAPOLIS, N.S.—On Friday night grand open-air meeting. One soul at the drum for salvation. On Sunday Capt. Roach and her sister Maggie were with us. Meetings good. Three out for salvation. One new D.O. has paid us a visit, which was much enjoyed by all who met him. Capt. Smith and Lieut. Dumoulin in command.—M. R.

NEW WESTMINSTER.—The new officers arrived Thursday to proceed, with God's help, in the war against sin.

The meetings have been very good, with proceeds \$100. In the Firstnight on Monday night. The vespers were done by Capt. and Mrs. Cummings, with the music lantern, spent several days with us, and their visit was appreciated by all.

The last night of the Ensign's visit Brother and Sister Innes' little girl, Edith May, was dedicated to God and the Army. The little one was very good during the service, and we pray that she will be a great blessing in the future to the world.

On Saturday night, July 14th, Capt. and Mrs. Cummings, with Capt. and Mrs. Knudsen, and Kamloops comrades with us, all seemed to enjoy the ice cream, and it was a very warm day.—M. R.

BEAR RIVER.—We are enjoying a visit from our worthy brother, Ensign Harry Jim Miller. He is enjoying a much needed rest. By the way, Bear River is a lovely spot to live in. What with the cherries and other good things God makes to grow, one is ever reminded of His bountiful goodness and mercy.



The Treasurer of Brandon Corps.

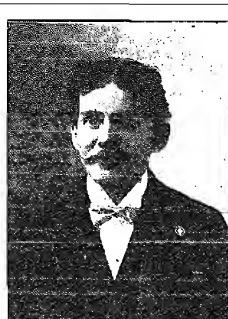
Next week we shall have something good to report. In the meantime, everybody pray for the success of our work in this part of the vineyard.—See Mordecai, Cor.

CARBERRY, Man.—Capt. McDowell and Lieut. Woodworth have taken the places of Capt. Stouke and Lieut. Hallstein. We have only a few soldiers, but they know how to fight. Good week-end. In spite of the heat, our crowds were good, and they enjoyed liberally. The War Crys are all sold. Although we closed the day's fighting without any visible results, we feel confident the Spirit was working. The Major's two youngest boys have come to help us for a time, and we are believing for real good times.—Triftroria.

STRATHROY.—Did you hear of our social? Someone from Toronto was present? Captain from Toronto was present? Captain from Hamilton's first training. Capt. Jarvis also reviewed his former battle-ground. A special treat was the singing of a quintette, illustrating certain Biblical characters rocking in the Saviour's arms. May His outstretched arms save many.—M. Haldane, Cor.

HANNAH, N. D.—Had Adj't. Cus with us for three days. Saturday evening the Adj'tant dedicated J. S. Scruton. Major Meredith's little girl to the Lord. We had large crowds on Sunday and real good times. We are expecting a blessed season at our Camp Meetings.—Capt. F. H. Brown, C. O.

LISBON, N.D.—The most wonderful event of the season took place in the Salvation Army at Lisbon, July 3, '99. Our comrade, Lillian Curtis, was married in marriage to Walter J. McLean, of Manitoba. The service was conducted in the Methodist Church by Rev. Mr. Stizer, assisted by Ensign Hayes. The soldiers marched over with the ring and drum, after which Ensign Hayes gave out a good Salvation Army song. Then the wedding march began. It was led by Capt. Mr. Stizer, followed by the bridegroom, Sister Russell, the bride, the bridegroom and the groomsmen, Capt. Mercer. The vows were taken, and they both testified to their desire and intention of following their blessed Master. Although we lose one of our soldiers, yet God has given us another. While Ensign Perry was here he recruited Sis. Frogner as a Blood and Fire soldier.—R. C.



Mr. Reid, Y.M.C.A. Secretary, Skagway.



## Warriors' Weekly Witness-Box.

### My Experience of Sinful Thoughts.

Once I was a slave to sinful thoughts. How I used to delight in indulging and harboring evil imaginings in my heart, and having bitter feelings towards my fellowmen, especially if they had done me an injury, real or imaginary. My thoughts would lead me to build castles in the air of the most vile things imaginable. I really enjoyed myself in giving free course to my evil thinking, and many times putting my evil thoughts into practice. But evil thoughts are the outcome of a sinful and corrupt heart.

If the tree is good, the fruit will also be good; if corrupt, the fruit will also be corrupt. I praise God that through His convincing Spirit, I was led to feel myself a lost, guilty and undone sinner in His sight, and needed a Saviour, and was enabled by His help to confess and forsake all my sins, and by faith accept Him as my Saviour and Deliverer. I praise God now for a pure heart, pure thoughts, desires, feelings, and purposes. Praise God for such a wonderful salvation for whosoever will.—Treas. Cabin. Halifax 1.

### Billy Williams, of Jamestown.

How did I get saved? Well, that is a mystery to me, and something I can never explain, even to myself. I have tried several times to get at a lucid explanation of the matter, but always with the result that I have been so many seemingly disconnected incidents leading up to this time and shaping the events of my miserable life that I can only attribute it to the hand of God.

I had been on a spree lasting over four months when I met the Salvation Army; the Unleavened loaf being the first thing that I remember attracting my attention. Capt. Illeudeman and a woman soldier of my acquaintance were selling War Crys in the saloons in E. G. Forks. I bought a Cry. In a few days I met them again on the street, and I bought another Cry. The Captain talked to me about my soul, and I promised to attend the meetings in Grand Forks, although I must confess I had no intention of doing so. Soon after the Army marched to East Grand Forks, and in the ranks were men with whom I was well acquainted. I saw the mainly stand they made, and as they gave their testimonies I believed them and took hope in my heart that there might be salvation for even me if I could only do something to deserve it. So I began to make resolutions and break them, and got more and more miserable until I was just on the verge of suicide. In that state I determined to attend the meetings, and in order to be sure to get into the hall I fled in with a mallet and a nail being pushed out of the nail I managed to get into the hall. Though the hall was packed, I could see no one but those on the platform, could hear nothing but the songs and testimonies of my old associates in sin, and although I did not go to the penitent form that night, I prayed to God to pardon my sins. I said, "O Lord, have mercy on me and save me from myself and the devil that is leading me; but whether You save my soul or not, You will help me I will quit my ungodly life now." And I believe He heard my prayer, for though I was drunk at that time I have never touched one drop of drink since.

The next meeting found me early in my seat waiting with what patience I might find for the invitation to come to the penitent form. I went there and the work was done—Bro. Williams, better known as "Billy" Williams.

When a man hath come to this, that he seeketh comfort from me created thing, then doth he perfectly obey God, then also will he be consoled with whatsoever shall happen unto him. Then will he neither rejoice for much nor be sorrowful for little, but he committed himself altogether and with full trust unto God. Who is all in all to him, to whom nothing perisheth nor dieth, but all things live to him and obey his every word without delay.

## MAJOR TURNER'S PROGNOSTICATIONS.

—ERIN—

### C. O. P. Notes on Harvest Festival.

We have read the Editorial views of the West Ontario Province on the efforts in connection with the coming H. F. battle, and would like to inform you our Editor, that the C. O. P. does not intend to take a back seat in the effort which is upon us. There are many things in the C. O. P. which are against us in efforts of this kind which perhaps others have the advantage of. At the same time past efforts have proved that we are not the individuals to be overcome by difficulties, but shall, by the strength of God, Who has helped us in times past, become masters of the situation, and by His blessing shall come out distinctly on top at this Harvest Festival Effort.

#### District Targets.

The targets for the respective Districts are as follows:

|                      |      |          |
|----------------------|------|----------|
| Toronto District     | .... | \$567.00 |
| Hamilton District    | .... | 237.00   |
| Burlington District  | .... | 171.00   |
| Lindsay District     | .... | 172.00   |
| Bracebridge District | .... | 180.00   |
| Sudbury District     | .... | 120.00   |
| Owen Sound District  | .... | 155.00   |
| Bowmanville District | .... | 85.00    |

The targets for the Brant, Lindsay and Bracebridge Districts are almost equal. It remains to be seen who will take the first place in the race.

Adjts. Cameron, Wiggin and Scott are three old warriors at efforts of this kind, and it will be interesting to know who will come out on top.

Adjt. Moore's District target equals that of Owen Sound and Sudbury Districts combined. It remains to be seen whether the latter Districts united will leave the Adjutant away in the shade, or whether he will secure another \$100 on top of his District target.

For the benefit of all concerned, we have arranged the corps into five classes, which places we believe they will not only maintain, but will leave the same far behind.

#### 1st Class Targets.

Toronto \$10, Lisgar \$100, Hamilton \$85.

Hastily had Staff-Capt. Archibald received word of the effort, and what he target for the Temple would be, when he came with due assurances that he had already received one-quarter of his target in donations, and has since received a few substantial donations, which leads us to believe that he will not only secure his target of \$110, but will go away above the same.

Ensign Fox and Adjt. Moore are, however, hard after the Staff-Captain, and it would not surprise us after all it Lissag Street, with all the worthy followers we have there, did not come in on top. However, time will tell. Ensign Fox and Adjt. Moore have made of good material and doubt will give Staff-Captain Archibald a close run. I would not be surprised if Adjt. Moore springs a surprise on us and carries off the laurels for the C. O. P. after all.

#### 2nd Class Targets.

St. Catharines \$75, Farm Colony \$70, Pinewood St. \$70, Lindsay \$90, Riversdale \$90, Sudbury \$60.

The largest target in this class is Ensign Williams', of St. Catharines. I have had a personal talk with the Ensign relative to his target, and he gives me that he expects to come in with flying colors. There, however, will be some keen competition in this class, as the notable Adjt. Wiggin, Adjt. Desbrisay, and Adjt. Myles are all embodied in this class.

Ensign Wynn, unfortunately, has just taken sick, which will cause Riverside to suffer somewhat. In the absence of her husband, however, Mrs. Wynn is taking the hold of things with a will and with the united assistance of Riverside ladies, until she knows what she will come out at the head of this class.

Ensign Wynn will make herself felt with Capt. Stephens at the helm, although they have not the opportunity of collecting a lot of farm produce, still, the miners of that section of the country will

come to the help of our comrades and see that they secure a glorious victory.

#### 3rd Class Targets.

Yorkville \$55, Barrie \$50, Orillia \$45, Bracebridge \$45, Newmarket \$40, Bowmanville \$40, Owen Sound \$40.

We have some worthy fighters in this class, embracing three D. O.'s.

Capt. Rose has assumed command of Yorkville and with the plans that he has already put into effect, will come out with flying colors as far as that corps is concerned.

As for the three D. O.'s, Adjt. Cameron, Adjt. Scott and Ensign Smith, it will remain to be seen who will come out on top. There is not very much difference in the targets.

Ensign Smith, however, gave us a pleasant surprise last year, and did a magnificient thing at Owen Sound. Who

knows but that she will take the lead of this class for 1899.

Capt. Crawford has just taken hold of White Sound, and we have faith to believe that she will not only secure the \$90, but will accomplish a victory that will surprise us all.

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The largest target in this class is Ensign Williams', of St. Catharines. I have had a personal talk with the Ensign relative to his target, and he gives me that he expects to come in with flying colors. There, however, will be some keen competition in this class, as the notable Adjt. Wiggin, Adjt. Desbrisay, and Adjt. Myles are all embodied in this class.

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Ensign Wynn will make herself felt with Capt. Stephens at the helm, although they have not the opportunity of collecting a lot of farm produce, still, the miners of that section of the country will

suit that he secured one-quarter of his target, wheeling 90 miles to do so, and returning home with his face red that with joy at his obtaining of the glorious day's success God gave him in not only collecting for the Harvest Festival, but in also doing some visitation among a number of country friends that he met, and talking to them of Jesus and His wonderful love.

I would not be surprised—well, I will not express myself here—Capts. Jones and Cornish will have to use every energy or else Dovercourt may take the lead. Still, Capt. Cornish has a fixed determination that nothing on earth shall stand in his way of getting the repairs of his barracks, but still will not allow this in any way to impede the progress of the H. F. scheme. On the other hand, this night to help him with the Harvest Festival effort.

The \$25 targets take in Capts. Slater, White, Gunning, and Lieut. Young.

Capt. Slater has already written us of victory. We have also heard from Owen Sound that he will not need to be concerned about them getting their targets.

however, has been taken up with a will by the officers. The soldiers, in many instances, are enthusiastic for the scheme and we expect a glorious Harvest Festival success.

The assurances that have come in from almost every part of the Province have been most cheering indeed, and we have no fear but what each one will be able to report a glorious victory in connection with this effort for 1899.

The prayers of the Brigadier and Provincial Staff are ever with you. We remember you at the Throne of Grace and shall follow you in your fight and struggled to come out with flying colors.

## OUR N.W. BOOMERS.

(Arrived too late for Illustrators' page.)

|                                   |      |     |
|-----------------------------------|------|-----|
| Capt. B. Gustaf, Winnipeg         | .... | 110 |
| Capt. Kenneth, Minnedosa          | .... | 110 |
| Adjt. Barr, Fargo                 | .... | 92  |
| Capt. Mitchell, Lethbridge        | .... | 85  |
| Capt. Bouson, Calgary             | .... | 81  |
| Lieut. Russell, Moose Jaw         | .... | 73  |
| Capt. Stokes, Grafton             | .... | 70  |
| Capt. McLeod, Prince Albert       | .... | 65  |
| Capt. D. Custer, Winnipeg         | .... | 65  |
| Capt. Lloyd, Devil's Lake         | .... | 62  |
| Lieut. Forsberg, Fort William     | .... | 55  |
| P. S. Gilliam, Portage la Prairie | .... | 55  |
| Lieut. Potter, Edmonton           | .... | 53  |
| Lieut. Anderson, Manitoba         | .... | 45  |
| Sergt. Louis, Lethbridge          | .... | 45  |
| Mrs. Ensign Hatchett, Rat Portage | .... | 43  |
| Capt. Nutall, Portage la Prairie  | .... | 42  |
| Capt. Livingston, Fort William    | .... | 40  |
| Mrs. Capt. Westcott, Selkirk      | .... | 40  |
| Capt. Clark, Virden               | .... | 40  |
| Capt. McKee, Jamestown            | .... | 40  |
| Lieut. Cook, Brandon              | .... | 40  |
| Mrs. Heath, Selkirk               | .... | 40  |
| Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg       | .... | 37  |
| Lieut. Hammond, Laramore          | .... | 35  |
| Lieut. Draper, Larimore           | .... | 35  |
| Capt. Horner, Laramore            | .... | 33  |
| Capt. Flora, Brandon              | .... | 33  |
| Capt. Pearce, Moosejaw            | .... | 33  |
| Sister Gamble, Rat Portage        | .... | 27  |
| Ensign Hayes, Brandon             | .... | 25  |



Capt. Rennie and White, at Orillia and Newmarket respectively, will both secure a bull's-eye. In fact, if we mistake not, they will both make strong efforts to come out the head of the class. Capt. White has told me of some of his plans for the Harvest Festival effort, which, if put into effect, will bring him out among the champions of 1899.

There is the largest number of corps in this class and also a considerable amount of talent and genius. The \$35 targets embrace such fighters as Cptys. Braut, Wilson, Nelson, McCann, Clink, Sherwin, Hinman and Wicks.

They will have competition among these corps for first place. Several of these corps have already erected for themselves a reputation in the days gone by in connection with the special efforts, and we shall look with a great deal of expectancy for each one to secure a glorious victory.

Capt. Clink, apparently, did not want to commit himself, when talking with her the other day, but with a merry twinkle in her eye, we could see that she intended to give us a pleasant surprise.

I am not sure in my own mind as to who is likely to take the first place. If I could state not, however, Capt. Clink will leave all the rest behind. The \$30 targets include Ensign Fletcher, Captain Mitchell, Capt. Lott, and Capt. Barker. Ensign Fletcher will have his hands full to compete with these three sisters, and will have to use all his energies in order to hold his place with either one of them.

Cptys. Lott and Barker have secured many victories in days gone by, while Capt. Mitchell, with her Bempton husband, will not be prepared to take a back seat.

This will be a very keen and also a very interesting race among these four competitors.

Those fighting the \$27 class are Capt. Jones, Capt. Cornish and Lieut. Poole.

The first day's effort with Lieut. Poole, of Dovercourt, put in with the re-



Two Views of Bismarck, N.D., After the Great Fire of Aug. 8th, 1889.

|                             |      |    |
|-----------------------------|------|----|
| Sergt. Johnson, Winnipeg    | .... | 25 |
| Capt. Lakin, Grafton        | .... | 25 |
| Capt. B. Loring, Bismarck   | .... | 22 |
| Capt. Glynn, Laramore       | .... | 22 |
| Mrs. Bowes, Neepawa         | .... | 22 |
| Capt. Gamble, Rat Portage   | .... | 21 |
| Capt. Bland, Bismarck       | .... | 20 |
| Capt. Westcott, Selkirk     | .... | 20 |
| Capt. Cromarty, Onoka       | .... | 20 |
| Capt. Hulston, Bismarck     | .... | 20 |
| Lieut. H. Hubbard, Neepawa  | .... | 20 |
| Sister Doorden, Rat Portage | .... | 20 |

Donations to the Montreal Industrial Home for the month of June, 1899, are herewith thankfully acknowledged:

|  |  |   |
|--|--|---|
| Mr. H. Johnson, \$10;                  | Mr. H. H. Lyman, \$10;   | Ladies of the Maternity Hospital, St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co., and Messrs. Gault Bros., \$5 each; |
| Miss Brown, Robt. K. Lovell, \$5 each; | J. W. Stirling, J. N. McKim, James Elliott, John Walker, Wm. Mann, H. J. Johnson, Lansing Lewis, A. C. Matthews, G. F. Foster, Collie McNamee, Dr. Stirling, Mrs. G. F. Tooker, A. Friend, \$1 each; | other donations of \$50, and less, also gifts in kind—clothing and food.                              |

## HUSTLERS' CORNER

Arab Just One Head's Length Ahead  
—Nigger Getting up Speed—A Little

[More Oats for Mag—No Apparent]

Danger from the Eastern Star  
for Some Time to Come.

Ninety-five hustlers names sent from West Ontario, and ninety-four from the Central. Stop and think what it means. It implies that the tropic heat has not enervated Nigger, but rather agrees with him. That is very good indication, but will Arab give Nigger a chance to get ahead? This is the vital question, and next week will bring the answer.

Mag, of Bras Ontario, is a good horse. It trots well, and pulls the chariot of the Province along at an even speed. But why should it not develop into a better speed horse? What is it that is wanted? Is it the whip, the carry-comb, the vet, or some good oats? Probably several of these items in harmonious blend. Pardon our suggestions, Major. Hargrave.

The Eastern Star is a long time rising. We have looked and strained our eyes to see its brilliant rays above the horizon, but the stars in the sky have held us in their glow from our longing gaze. Still we have hopes. Why should we not, since the last has all the opportunities to make it cock of the Hustler's competition?

As to others—God bless them—they are making a brave fight. The North-West is late—in fact, has not arrived yet—and unless we receive it very shortly, will have to hold it over for next War Cry. The Pacific is keeping up, and Newfoundland is coming on. If the N.W. or the Pacific would make a radical effort to collect hustler's names, I believe they could beat the East easily.—Good-bye.

### WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE

95 Hustlers.

|                                      |     |
|--------------------------------------|-----|
| Sergt. G. Yeomans, Chatham           | 223 |
| Capt. Clarke, London                 | 203 |
| Capt. Carr, Brantford                | 170 |
| Sergt.-Major Mrs. Baumann, Stratford | 165 |
| Mrs. Capt. McLeod, Galt              | 154 |
| Lieut. Kitchen, Woodstock            | 149 |
| Lieut. Erwood, Goderich              | 149 |
| Lieut. Bligh, Peterborough           | 108 |
| Capt. Foster, Peterborough           | 92  |
| Mrs. Capt. Blackburn, Windsor        | 89  |
| Capt. Slatte, Hespeler               | 85  |
| Lieut. Smith, Sarnia                 | 71  |
| Capt. Hoddinott, Stratford           | 70  |
| Lieut. Crawford, Wallaceburg         | 67  |
| Lieut. Hacklin, Wallaceburg          | 65  |
| Capt. Heater, Clinton                | 65  |
| Mrs. Rock, Ridgeway                  | 64  |
| Capt. Coe, Sarita                    | 61  |
| Ensign Gamble, Woodstock             | 60  |
| Lieut. Fife, Clinton                 | 60  |
| Capt. Freeman, Ridgeway              | 60  |
| Capt. Sizemore, Dresden              | 67  |
| Adjt. Blackburn, Galt                | 67  |
| Adjt. McLeod, London                 | 65  |
| Auntie Wright, Ingersoll             | 50  |
| Mrs. Dickson, St. Thomas             | 50  |
| Sister Gordon, Paris                 | 50  |
| Sister F. E. Berlin                  | 50  |
| P. S. M. Smith, Guelph               | 67  |
| Capt. Haley, Bayfield                | 45  |
| Capt. Hollett, Tilsonburg            | 45  |
| Sergt.-Major Mrs. Scott, Guelph      | 45  |
| Capt. Liston, Forest                 | 44  |
| Sergt. M. Allan, Mitchell            | 42  |
| Mrs. Adjt. McIntry, Brantford        | 42  |
| Capt. Mathers, Listowel              | 51  |
| Sergt.-Major Donagh, Hespeler        | 40  |
| Lieut. Morrison, Tilsonburg          | 40  |
| Lieut. Frank, Bothwell               | 40  |
| Capt. Burrows, Chatham               | 40  |
| Sister M. Schuster, Berlin           | 38  |
| Sister D. Bond, Wingham              | 37  |
| Sergt. B. Bond, Ingersoll            | 37  |
| Lieut. Beech, Goderich               | 37  |
| Bro. Bonn, Wallaceburg               | 36  |
| Capt. Pynn, Palmerston               | 35  |
| Mrs. McGuire, Blenheim               | 35  |
| Capt. J. Dunn, Guelph                | 35  |
| Sergt.-Major Graham, Thanesville     | 35  |
| Mrs. Thompson, Woodstock             | 33  |
| Sister E. Kirk, London               | 32  |
| Lieut. Moxford, Listowel             | 31  |
| Bro. D. Kirk, London                 | 30  |
| Sister E. Kirk, Norwell              | 30  |
| Sister Whales, Leamington            | 30  |
| Capt. Jarvis, Thedford               | 30  |

### BREAKING UP HOME TIES.



Good-bye, Amarantha, I can't stand it any longer. Here our horse is behind in the competition. I am going to hand up the last War Cry horn.

|                                   |    |
|-----------------------------------|----|
| Lieut. Thompson, Guelph           | 30 |
| Sister H. E. Berlin               | 29 |
| Adjt. McHarg, Brantford           | 28 |
| Mrs. Huntingdon, Blenheim         | 27 |
| Lieut. Hodgson, Paris             | 26 |
| Capt. F. Palmer, London           | 26 |
| Capt. McDonald, Dymont            | 25 |
| Sergt. Mrs. Broadbent, Kingsville | 25 |
| Lieut. Jordison, Leamington       | 25 |
| Carrie McQueen, St. Thomas        | 25 |
| Alfred Pickle, St. Thomas         | 25 |
| P. S. M. Virgo, Windsor           | 25 |
| Capt. Cox, Berlin                 | 24 |
| Capt. Fell, Wallaceburg           | 23 |
| See. Mrs. Harris, London          | 23 |
| Lieut. Hartman, Wyndham           | 23 |
| Sister Cutting, Essex             | 23 |
| Capt. Huntingdon, Blenheim        | 22 |
| Ensign McKenzie, Essex            | 22 |
| Lieut. Stickells, Mitchell        | 21 |
| Mrs. Anderson, Watford            | 21 |
| Capt. Copeman, Watford            | 21 |
| Capt. Green, Simcoe               | 20 |
| Terri Cheeseman, London           | 20 |
| Sergt. Mrs. Living, Ingersoll     | 20 |
| P. S. M. Mrs. Now, Ingersoll      | 20 |
| Sister Quiet, Stratford           | 20 |
| Sister Molton, Stratford          | 20 |
| Lieut. Winters, Stratford         | 20 |
| Mrs. Smith, Tilsonburg            | 20 |
| Mrs. Melroy, St. Thomas           | 20 |
| Mrs. Hookin, St. Thomas           | 20 |
| Sister A. Coppins, St. Thomas     | 20 |
| Sister F. Chapperton, McGregor    | 20 |
| Corps. Cadet Crawford, Paris      | 20 |
| Bro. Christoff, Dresden           | 20 |
| Mrs. Capt. Cox, Berlin            | 20 |

|                                   |    |
|-----------------------------------|----|
| Capt. A. Sherwin, Huronville      | 20 |
| Lieut. R. Patterson, Hantsville   | 20 |
| Bro. G. Boyce, Brantford          | 20 |
| Sister Wodlyard, Collingwood      | 20 |
| Lieut. Cooper, Brantford          | 20 |
| Capt. Mitchell, Brantford         | 20 |
| Capt. Barker, Fenelon Falls       | 20 |
| Capt. Charlton, Lindsay           | 20 |
| Capt. Burrows, Merton             | 20 |
| Sister Cook, Temple               | 20 |
| Bro. Burrows, Temple              | 20 |
| Capt. Rose, Richmond St.          | 25 |
| Bro. Newsom, Richmond St.         | 25 |
| Sister Mrs. Ferguson, Parry Sound | 25 |
| Sister Pearce, Temple             | 25 |
| Sergt. Medlock, Temple            | 25 |
| Capt. Lewis, Barrie               | 25 |
| Capt. Wiseman, Oakville           | 25 |
| Lieut. Titus, St. Catharines      | 25 |
| Adjt. Moore                       | 25 |
| Lieut. Liddiard, Collingwood      | 25 |
| Capt. Stephens, Sudbury           | 25 |
| Sister McLeonna, Sudbury          | 25 |
| Sister M. King, St. Catharines    | 25 |
| Capt. Stollker, Riverside         | 25 |
| Ensign Smith, Bowmanville         | 25 |
| Lieut. Craig, Orillia             | 25 |
| Adjt. Cameron, Barrie             | 40 |
| Capt. Gammie, North Bay           | 40 |
| Lieut. Huskinson, North Bay       | 40 |
| Capt. McCann, Midland             | 40 |
| Capt. Remm, Orillia               | 38 |
| Sergt. McQuigle, Temple           | 38 |
| Sergt. Mrs. Killingsbeck, Lindsay | 35 |
| Lieut. Edwards, Little Current    | 35 |
| S. M. Hinton, Orillia             | 35 |
| Sister Mrs. Brown, Huntsville     | 35 |
| Capt. Dales, Merton               | 35 |
| Capt. Brant, Little Current       | 35 |
| Sister Sedor, Richmond St.        | 35 |
| Sister Mrs. Brown, Huntsville     | 35 |
| Capt. D. Dixon, Tempe             | 35 |
| Sergt. McPherson, Huntsville      | 35 |
| Capt. Lott, Oneida                | 35 |
| Lieut. Northcott, Oneida          | 35 |
| Capt. Steteks, Lippincott         | 35 |
| Capt. Minay, Lippincott           | 35 |
| Capt. Tuck, Millbrook             | 35 |
| Capt. Curwardine, Lippincott      | 35 |
| Sister Pearce, Richmond St.       | 20 |
| Capt. Brant, Little Current       | 20 |
| Sister Sedor, Richmond St.        | 20 |
| Sister Mrs. Brown, Huntsville     | 20 |
| Capt. D. Dixon, Tempe             | 20 |
| Sergt. McPherson, Huntsville      | 20 |
| Capt. Lott, Oneida                | 20 |
| Capt. S. M. Cocklin, Meaford      | 20 |

### EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE

74 Hustlers.

|                                 |    |
|---------------------------------|----|
| Bro. C. G. Gooday, S. A. Farm   | 20 |
| Emily Peiper, L'vivcourt        | 20 |
| Capt. French, Peterboro         | 20 |
| Sergt. White, Odanwa            | 20 |
| Bro. H. P. St. John             | 20 |
| Sister Mrs. Brumfitt, North Bay | 20 |
| Sister Eelen, Yorkville         | 20 |
| Sergt. Mrs. Brown, Huntsville   | 20 |
| Capt. Fisher, Chesley           | 20 |
| Capt. C. G. Gooday, S. A. Farm  | 20 |
| Emily Peiper, L'vivcourt        | 20 |
| Capt. French, Peterboro         | 20 |
| Sergt. White, Odanwa            | 20 |
| Bro. H. P. St. John             | 20 |
| Sister Mrs. Brumfitt, North Bay | 20 |
| Sister Eelen, Yorkville         | 20 |
| Sergt. Mrs. Brown, Huntsville   | 20 |
| Capt. Fisher, Chesley           | 20 |
| Capt. C. G. Gooday, S. A. Farm  | 20 |
| Emily Peiper, L'vivcourt        | 20 |
| Capt. French, Peterboro         | 20 |
| Sergt. White, Odanwa            | 20 |
| Bro. H. P. St. John             | 20 |
| Sister Mrs. Brumfitt, North Bay | 20 |
| Sister Eelen, Yorkville         | 20 |
| Sergt. Mrs. Brown, Huntsville   | 20 |
| Capt. Fisher, Chesley           | 20 |



"I'll cure you of these naughty tricks. Here I have been waiting for that War Cry all day, and you sent the girls away when they called around with it. You'll

not try this again, my boy. Spare the rod and spoil the child."

Solomon

says,

but I

|                             |     |
|-----------------------------|-----|
| S. M. Smith, Windsor        | 183 |
| Mrs. Ensign Fraser, Moncton | 114 |
| Capt. Thompson, Campbellton | 110 |
| Sergt. Veno, Halifax II.    | 110 |
| Mrs. Ensign Parsons, Sydney | 110 |

### EASTERN PROVINCE

55 Hustlers.

|                             |     |
|-----------------------------|-----|
| S. M. Smith, Windsor        | 183 |
| Mrs. Ensign Fraser, Moncton | 114 |
| Capt. Thompson, Campbellton | 110 |
| Sergt. Veno, Halifax II.    | 110 |
| Mrs. Ensign Parsons, Sydney | 110 |

|                                 |     |
|---------------------------------|-----|
| See. Ellis, Charlottetown       | 100 |
| Sergt. Conrad, Halifax          | 100 |
| Cadet Wyatt, St. John I.        | 100 |
| James Kelly, St. George's, Ile  | 100 |
| Cand. Dora, Long Summers        | 100 |
| Sister Mirey, St. John I.       | 100 |
| Lient. Smith, Truro             | 100 |
| Sergt. White, Houlton           | 100 |
| Lient. L. H. Amherst            | 100 |
| Lient. Methie, Houlton          | 100 |
| Lient. Richards, St. Stephen    | 100 |
| Capt. Marin, Charlottetown      | 100 |
| Capt. Horwood, Truro            | 100 |
| Sister Rogers, St. John III.    | 100 |
| P. S. M. Vaughan, Charlottetown | 100 |
| Father Armstrong, St. John III. | 100 |
| Adjt. Byers, New Glasgow        | 100 |
| Sister Fister, Halifax I.       | 100 |
| Bessie Rogers, Halifax I.       | 100 |
| Mrs. Matthews, New Glasgow      | 100 |
| Capt. Aiken, Kentville          | 100 |
| P. S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay    | 100 |
| Capt. Murdoch, St. John I.      | 100 |
| Capt. Murdoch, St. John I.      | 100 |
| Capt. Murdoch, St. John I.      | 100 |
| Lient. Nettling, Canning        | 100 |
| Sister Holden, Windsor          | 100 |
| Bro. Keed, St. John I.          | 100 |
| Sister Jones, St. John III.     | 100 |
| Lient. Smith, Halifax II.       | 100 |
| Mrs. Ensign Larber, Glace Bay   | 100 |
| Sergt. Warren, Hantsport        | 100 |
| Mrs. Pettie, New Glasgow        | 100 |
| Alma Trouton, Fairville         | 100 |
| Ensign Wright, Chatham          | 100 |
| Sister Dakin, New Head          | 100 |
| Maud Wilson, Halifax I.         | 100 |
| Eliza Kent, Bear River          | 100 |
| Josephine, Windsor              | 100 |
| Robt. Clark, Winslow            | 100 |
| Lient. Tudge, North Head        | 100 |
| Mother England, Chatham         | 100 |
| Ensign Parsons, Sydney          | 100 |
| Sergt. Black, Charlottetown     | 100 |
| Ensign Fraser, Moncton          | 100 |
| Capt. Ritchie, Moncton          | 100 |
| Chas. McKay, Moncton            | 100 |
| Lient. Taylor, Halifax II.      | 100 |
| Lillian Delong, Hantsport (9)   | 100 |

### PACIFIC PROVINCE

36 Hustlers.

|                               |     |
|-------------------------------|-----|
| Lient. Lloyd, Butte           | 100 |
| Sister Stoddard, Rosedale     | 100 |
| Sister Lewis, Victoria        | 100 |
| Mrs. Capt. Hooker, Kaslo      | 100 |
| Capt. Noble, Billings         | 100 |
| Mrs. Capt. Brown, Lewiston    | 100 |
| Capt. Zedmer, Kootenay        | 100 |
| Lient. Clegg, New Westminster | 100 |
| Sister Stoddard, Rosedale     | 100 |
| Lient. Trott, Livingston      | 100 |
| Lient. Long, Dillon           | 100 |
| Bro. McDonald, Spokane        | 100 |
| Capt. Krell, Revelstoke       | 100 |
| Adjt. Stevens, Spokane        | 100 |
| Lient. Saint, Belt            | 100 |
| Sister Porter, Victoria       | 100 |
| Mrs. Bury, New Westown        | 100 |
| Capt. Perreault               | 100 |
| Sister Little Park, Kaslo     | 100 |
| Capt. Benmont, Lillooet       | 100 |
| Sister Vane, Rosedale         | 100 |
| Sister Morris, Victoria       | 100 |
| Mr. Capt. Rutter, Butte       | 100 |
| Capt. Lacy, New Westown       | 100 |
| Sister Matly, Rosedale        | 100 |
| Lient. R. Bain, Roseau        | 100 |
| Bro. McGugh, New Westown      | 100 |
| Lient. Captain's Belt         | 100 |
| Mrs. Capt. Doid, Spokane      | 100 |
| Sister Abby, Spokane          | 100 |
| Sister Burrow, Spokane        | 100 |
| Capt. Milled, Sheridan        | 100 |
| Lient. Greatore, Sheridan     | 100 |
| Capt. Quint, Rosedale         | 100 |

**NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE**

12 Hustlers.

S. M. Childs, St. John I.

Sergt. Newman, Twillingate

Capt. Summers, St. John I.

Capt. Wiesner, St. John I.

Capt. Hill, St. John I.

Capt. Patten, Pictou

Sister Barber, Kingston

Sister Merchant, St. John I.

Capt. Yake, Napanee

Capt. Symonds, Contrecoquy

Lient. Carter, Contrecoquy

Adjt. Goodwin, Montreal I.

Bro. Lulcan, Perth

Sergt. McEwan, Arnprior

Capt. Clegg, Odessa

Mrs. Stephenson, Peterboro

Sergt. Downey, Kingston

Sergt. Mc. Coggin, Kingston

Capt. Mc. Coggin, Kingston

Sister Wente, Kingston

Sister Dene, Kingston

Dad Duggett, Trenton

Mrs. Green, Peterboro

Ensign Yerex, Montreal III.

Nellie Nicholson, Montreal I.

### EASTERN PROVINCE

55 Hustlers.

|                             |     |
|-----------------------------|-----|
| S. M. Smith, Windsor        | 183 |
| Mrs. Ensign Fraser, Moncton | 114 |
| Capt. Thompson, Campbellton | 110 |
| Sergt. Veno, Halifax II.    | 110 |
| Mrs. Ensign Parsons, Sydney | 110 |

**WINDSOR**—We had some old-time power on Sunday. God gave us mighty power upon the people in the open-air. One man cried in the open-air and put his hands around Bro. Ley's neck and said, "Can you help me?" We soon had the drum in the ring. He cried out at the top of his voice, "Jesus to save him, and God came." I heard hundreds cry, but never one like this poor man did, and the I heard him and took him in. Since you don't soon cry for salvation you cry in hell. We have got our target and I have faith for victory.

Adjt. S. Blackburn.

## THE WAR CRY.

15

HOME TIES.



it any longer. Here our horse is bound up the lost War Cry boomers.

|                                   |    |
|-----------------------------------|----|
| Bro. C. C. Goode, S. A. Farm      | 29 |
| Emily Pearce, Univercourt         | 29 |
| Capt. White, Oshawa               | 29 |
| Bro. Duth, Sudbury                | 29 |
| Sister Mrs. Brailford, North Bay  | 29 |
| Sister Eden, Yorkville            | 29 |
| Sgt. Mrs. Brown, Huntsville       | 29 |
| Sgt. Sister Cuppfield, Huntsville | 29 |
| Capt. Fisher, Chesley             | 29 |

### EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

74 Hostlers.

|                                 |     |
|---------------------------------|-----|
| Capt. Williams, St. Albans      | 299 |
| Sgt. Mrs. Dudley, Ottawa        | 149 |
| Capt. French, Peterboro         | 143 |
| Sgt.-Major Perkins, Barre       | 135 |
| Capt. LaLonde, Morrisburg       | 105 |
| Capt. Dawson, St. Johnsbury     | 109 |
| Ensign Hill, Belleville         | 96  |
| Sgt.-Major Shimmons, Kingston   | 89  |
| Sgt. Rogers, Montreal I.        | 89  |
| Capt. Downey, Montreal I.       | 75  |
| Capt. Williams, Kemptonville    | 75  |
| Mrs. Kettle, Ottawa             | 70  |
| Capt. Burchell, Tweed           | 66  |
| Capt. Converse, Belleville      | 65  |
| Mrs. Borden, Burlington         | 65  |
| Mrs. Ensign Pugh, Perth         | 64  |
| Capt. Busby, Montreal II.       | 63  |
| Bro. Phillips, Barre            | 63  |
| Sgt. Thompson, Belleville       | 69  |
| Capt. Cook, St. Johnsbury       | 69  |
| Capt. Bliss, Prescott           | 69  |
| Capt. Owen, Gananoque           | 69  |
| Capt. Brown, Burlington         | 69  |
| Mrs. Ensign Sims, Sherbrooke    | 58  |
| Ensign Kendall, Quebec          | 58  |
| Capt. Banks, Newport            | 57  |
| Capt. Steinforth, Cornwall      | 57  |
| Capt. Tuck, Millbrook           | 55  |
| Sister Darling, Port Hope       | 55  |
| Capt. Galt, Kincardine          | 54  |
| Sgt. Richard, Montreal IV       | 50  |
| Capt. Major, Arnprior           | 50  |
| Capt. Weir, Gananoque           | 49  |
| Capt. Fletcher, Pawpaw          | 48  |
| Sgt.-Major Thompson, Cobourg    | 38  |
| Capt. Ward, Kingston            | 46  |
| Adjt. Ogilvie, Cornwall         | 45  |
| Capt. Grose, Trenton            | 45  |
| Liont. Woods, Deseronto         | 43  |
| Cadet Burtch, Deseronto         | 43  |
| Corps Cadet Walsh, Cobourg      | 41  |
| Sister Simard, Montreal I.      | 41  |
| Mrs. Capt. Carter, Campbellford | 40  |
| Sgt.-Major Mattie, Cornwall     | 40  |
| Sgt. Mrs. Cooke, Ottawa         | 38  |
| Bro. Simon, Sherbrooke          | 35  |
| Capt. And. Prescott             | 35  |
| Bro. Shewell, Montreal I.       | 35  |
| Capt. Cadwell, Montreal I.      | 35  |
| Liont. Brooks, Montreal I.      | 35  |
| Ensign Walker, Barre            | 32  |
| Ensign Steiger, Port Hope       | 31  |
| Liont. Carter, Blenheim         | 31  |
| Capt. Tatton, Peterboro         | 30  |
| Sister Bather, Kingston         | 30  |
| Sister Merchant, St. Johnsbury  | 30  |
| Capt. Yoho, Napavine            | 30  |
| Capt. Symonds, Contieooke       | 30  |
| Adjt. Goodwin, Montreal I.      | 29  |
| Bro. Lubrano, Perth             | 27  |
| Sgt. McEwan, Arnprior           | 27  |
| Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro       | 25  |
| Sgt. Duncan, Kincardine         | 23  |
| Sgt. Mrs. Coggin, Kincardine    | 23  |
| Bro. Rutledge, Montreal I.      | 21  |
| Sister Wontworth, Kingston      | 20  |
| Sgt. Dinn, Kingston             | 20  |
| Dad Duggett, Trenton            | 20  |
| Mrs. Green, Peterboro           | 20  |
| Ensign Yerz, Montreal III.      | 20  |
| Nellie Nicholson, Montreal I.   | 20  |

### EASTERN PROVINCE.

55 Hostlers.

|                             |     |
|-----------------------------|-----|
| S.-M. Smith, Windsor        | 183 |
| Mrs. Ensign Fraser, Moncton | 114 |
| Capt. Thomson, Campbellton  | 110 |
| Sgt. Ven, Halifax II.       | 110 |
| Mrs. Ensign Parsons, Sydney | 110 |

Sgt. Ellis, Charlottetown

|                                 |     |
|---------------------------------|-----|
| Sgt. Couris, Halifax II.        | 102 |
| Cadet Wyatt, St. John I.        | 101 |
| James Kelly, St. George's, Ber. | 100 |
| Cand. Dora Long, Summerside     | 95  |
| Sister Mirey, St. John I.       | 95  |
| Liont. Smith, True              | 91  |
| Sgt. McEwan, Houlton            | 87  |
| Liont. Leboeuf, St. John        | 75  |
| Liont. McEwan, Houlton          | 75  |
| Liont. Richards, St. Stephen    | 75  |
| Capt. Martin, Charlottetown     | 75  |
| Capt. Horwood, Truro            | 71  |
| Sister Rogers, St. John III.    | 70  |
| P. S. M. Vaughan, Charlottetown | 68  |
| Father Armstrong, St. John III. | 68  |
| Adjt. Byers, New Glasgow        | 60  |
| Sister Fisher, Halifax I.       | 56  |
| Bessie Rogers, Halifax I.       | 56  |
| Mrs. Matthews, New Glasgow      | 53  |
| Capt. Allen, Kentville          | 50  |
| P. S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay    | 50  |
| Capt. Galt, St. John I.         | 50  |
| Cadet Lamont, Halifax I.        | 37  |
| Capt. X. Murchison, Halifax I.  | 37  |
| Liont. Netting, Canning         | 31  |
| Susie Holden, Windsor           | 31  |
| Bro. Head, St. John I.          | 30  |
| Sister Jones, St. John III.     | 30  |
| Lotte Smith, Halifax I.         | 30  |
| Mrs. Ensign Larder, Glace Bay   | 30  |
| Sgt. Warren, Houlton            | 30  |
| Mrs. Petrie, New Glasgow        | 30  |
| Alma Trafton, Fairville         | 25  |
| Ensign Wright, Chatham          | 25  |
| Sister Dakin, North Head        | 20  |
| Mary, Capt. Galt, Halifax I.    | 20  |
| Eliza Keat, Bear River          | 20  |
| Jessie Irons, Windsor           | 20  |
| Liont. Clark, Windsor           | 20  |
| Liont. Tinge, North Head        | 20  |
| Mother England, Chatham         | 20  |
| Ensign Parsons, Sydney          | 20  |
| Sgt. Black, Charlottetown       | 20  |
| Ensign Fraser, Moncton          | 20  |
| Capt. Ritchie, Moncton          | 20  |
| Chas. MacKay, Moncton           | 20  |
| Liont. Taylor, Halifax II.      | 20  |
| Lillie Delong, Houlton (?)      | 20  |

### PACIFIC PROVINCE.

36 Hostlers.

|                                 |     |
|---------------------------------|-----|
| Liont. Lloyd, Butte             | 203 |
| Sister Smith, Rosedale          | 199 |
| Sister Lewis, Victoria          | 159 |
| Mrs. Capt. Hooker, Kusko        | 113 |
| Capt. Nold, Billings            | 105 |
| Mrs. Capt. Brown, Lewiston      | 103 |
| Capt. Zidworth, Kootenay        | 100 |
| Lizzie, Capt. Galt, Victoria    | 70  |
| Liont. Justice, New Westminster | 70  |
| Sister Johnson, Rosedale        | 70  |
| Liont. Tritt, Livingston        | 69  |
| Liont. Long, Dillon             | 69  |
| Bro. McDonald, Spokane          | 57  |
| Capt. Kroll, Revelstoke         | 54  |
| Adjt. Stevens, Spokane          | 45  |
| Liont. Saint, Holt              | 40  |
| Sister Porter, Victoria         | 39  |
| Mrs. Bury, New Westminster      | 38  |
| Capt. Pursewood                 | 37  |
| Sister Little Park, Kusko       | 32  |
| Capt. Roennant, Livingston      | 32  |
| Sister Womble, Rosedale         | 27  |
| Mrs. Mortimer, Victoria         | 27  |
| Mrs. Carter, Butte              | 24  |
| Capt. Lorne, New Westminster    | 23  |
| Sister Matthy                   | 23  |
| Liont. Galt, Bonanza            | 22  |
| Bro. McInagh, New Westminster   | 21  |
| Liont. Curstons, Bell           | 20  |
| Mrs. Adjt. Dumb, Spokane        | 20  |
| Sister Adey, Spokane            | 20  |
| Sister Barstow, Spokane         | 20  |
| Capt. Milled, Sheridan          | 20  |
| Liont. Greavett, Sheridan       | 20  |
| Capt. Quant, Rosedale           | 20  |

### NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

12 Hostlers.

|                              |    |
|------------------------------|----|
| S. M. Childs, St. John I.    | 70 |
| Sgt. Newman, Twillingate     | 45 |
| Capt. Simmers, St. John I.   | 40 |
| Cadet Wiseman, St. John I.   | 35 |
| Cadet Hill, St. John I.      | 30 |
| Capt. Hiscock, Harbour Grace | 26 |
| Sgt. March, St. John I.      | 25 |
| Sgt. Clark, St. John I.      | 25 |
| Sgt. Lidston, St. John I.    | 25 |
| Cadet Doder, St. John I.     | 25 |
| Capt. Knight, St. John I.    | 20 |
| Capt. Moulton, Sheardston    | 20 |

WINDSOR.—We find some of the old-time power on Sunday. God came in mighty power upon the people in the open-air. One man walked in the ring and put his arms around Bro. Lloyd's neck and said, "Can you help me?" We soon had the drum in the ring and he cried out at the top of his voice to Jesus to save him, and God came in and he had a real work in his heart. I have heard hundreds cry, but never one cry like this poor man did, and the Lord heard him and took him in. Smaller, if you don't soon cry for salvation you will cry in hell. We have got our H. P. ready and I have faith for victory.—Adjt. S. Blackburn.



### Eighteen Souls In Summer.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.—Warm? Yes, quite warm. The devil feels the heat for a few of his followers have turned on him during the past few months. With all the summer pleasures to fight against, we have had 18 souls knelt at the Mercy Seat. We are looking for more.—Geo. Hudson, Capt., Lou Sharp, Liont.

DUNDAS.—Saturday, 29th of July, we had a musical festival. Bro. Ibbotson and family, together with some of the Hamilton comrades, also Bro. Walker and his two sons, of Dundas, were with us. Splendid open-air. The people are there and in Market Square to listen to the musical family. Sunday evening hundreds came round the open-air and lined the streets of Dundas as we marched back to the barracks. Largest crowd in the barracks for years, and had to open the gallery. Filled up excellent. People immensely pleased with the Ibbotson family, and looking forward to the time when they will come again.—Mrs. Capt. Jones.

VANCOUVER, B. C.—For some time we have been looking forward with great anticipation to the visit of Colonel Jacobs and Brigadier Howell. But they were not the only visitors. We welcomed also Staff-Capt. Galt, our new D. O. and Adjt. Bob Smith and Ensign Mortimer. The last three are here to take charge of the work among the Indians. When the S. A. Indian band heard that there were officers going up there they came all the way to Vancouver to meet them. They are a fair lot of fellows. They can speak, sing, pray, and play. We had a most blessed time during our special meetings. Sunday we had big times, with six souls in the fountain.—B. Norman, R. C.

ALGONQUIN.—We had a beautiful meeting on Sunday night, over two hundred attendants. We are believing soon to see some results in the enemy's ranks. The Indian band here want our officers. There are quite a few soldiers here, and others that ought to be here. Liont. Newell.

ST. GEORGE'S.—Since last report we have been having victory. On Sunday night we had us Capt. Bell and I am sure God came very near and blessed us, and although we closed our meeting we felt that there were many souls that were deeply convicted, so we had a prayer meeting, and after long and earnest pleadings thank God three backsliders returned to the fold, making live souls for the week. Comrades in good spirits.—W. J. S. II. C.

NELSON.—We are marching on to victory under our esteemed officers, Adjt. Woodward and Capt. Bannister. We have secured two lots in a good location with a large dwelling house on it, which we have turned into a barracks, and in the near future we hope to erect a new brick building. Saturday, 15th and 16th of July, we had us Colonel Jacobs, also Staff-Capt. Galt, and Capt. Howell, accompanied by Brigadier Howell. We had some excellent meetings and two souls out for salvation. We are believing for many more victories.—Yours truly, L. Pogue, Sec.

## JUST OPENED!

A LARGE CONSIGNMENT OF MEN'S

### English Staff Caps and Lassies' Trimmed Bonnets

CAPS, each, . . . . . \$2.00

Postage, 12c. extra.

BONNETS, each, \$3.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$6.50

(Sent only by Express, Charges Collect.)

Send Your Order to the Provincial Officer.

TRADE SECRETARY.

OLD PERLICAN.—We had good times on Sunday. In the afternoon two souls at the Cross, and at night two stood up to be prayed for. To God be all the glory.—Adjt. Spracklin for Capt. Moore.

BUTTE.—We are still alive and kicking the devil on every hand. We have said goodbye to our officers, Adjt. and Mrs. Galt, who, after nine months of hard and faithful fighting, have gone on a well-earned rest. May God's richest blessings go with them. We were not long before we saw the happy faces of our new officers. You say, who are they? Well, they are not very big, but they are all there, praise the Lord. Their names are Adjt. and Mrs. Gale, and the heavenly gales are going to blow over Butte, or we will know the reason why. We are going to make our new officers look good. Soldiers fight for us for some time, and then their fire will spread and spread, until there's a mighty halibut fishin' fitness. We are down on sin and the devil, and Jehovah is on our side, and we are sure to win, praise God. Good meetings all day Sunday night. No one yielded, but the Spirit and power of the Holy Ghost was felt in a wonderful way. Barracks packed in spite of the hot weather and many attractions in the city. Butte for God is our motto. More later. Yours in the war.—P. R. T.

### New Arrivals for the War.

GHATHAM, N.B.—The first I must report is the arrival of a lovely duchess—one more for the war. The meetings here are just steady now. We are making preparations for a big time during the visit of our new P. O. and Chancellor. We are also very pleased to say Bro. E. Moulton, ex-Captain, has arrived here, and is taking his place among us. He will be quite a help.—A. H. Wright, Capt.

TWILLINGATE, N.B.—Although quite a number of the companies are gone away to the fishery, yet God is still with us. The past week has been a blessed one. Sunday was a good day; nice crowds. At night two souls knelt at the Cross and sought salvation. How the soldiers did pray and sing and dance and shout over those souls. Yes, victory is sweet after it is won.—Ensign Cooper.

BEAUFORT RIVER.—I was not able to attend the meetings this past week, but they who did were blessed in their labors of love, in seeing souls won for the Master. Two precious souls were saved by the blood of our Redeemer. Some did not forsake their homes for money; others are looking at a few unfaithful ones, who bring reproach upon the cause of God. May they look, instead, to the Lamb of Calvary, is the earnest desire of the faithful. Amen!—Ser. Morine, Cor.

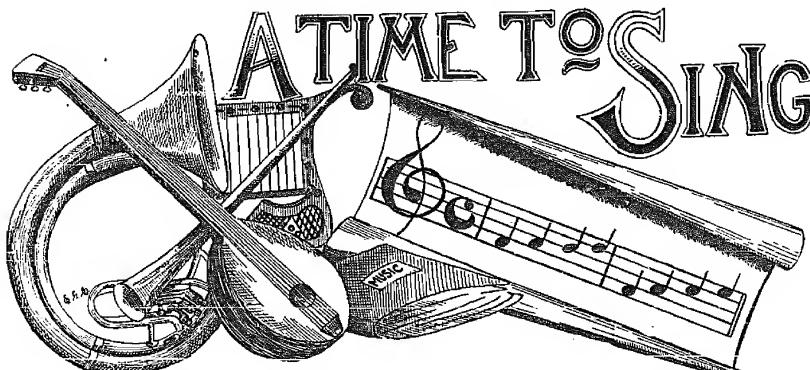
### Happy in the Slums.

ST. JOHNS, Nfld.—Haldeleigh! We are still praying. God can give us victory in the slums, we're afraid. As so many are sick and dying ones, and trying to lift up the fallen, the presence of God Who took the path leaving us easier, one for His followers, seems to move us for the fight, and in this blessed work we are also led to see the need of being out-and-out for God. Our prayer is that we shall be living dauntless of fire.—B. Harris, Capt.

MISSOULA, Mont.—Adjt. and Mrs. Hay were with us over Sunday, and we appreciated their visit very much. Mrs. Hay was stationed here one term some time ago, and has many warm friends here. Good meetings throughout the day. At night the Adjutant met one of his strong planks, which caused many to think about their soul's salvation, although none would yield.—J. H. Frost, II. C.

"Why, upon my word, I had nearly forgotten to send in the sick of wheat and barrel of apples to the Captain. I must do it now, for the H. P. sale is on tonight."





Tunes.—Warcham (B.J. 151, 2); Rockingham (B.J. 32); Montgomery (B.J. 211, 4); To heal the broken heart (B.J. 123, 4).

1 Come, Saviour, Jesus, from above,  
Assist me with Thy heavenly grace;  
Empty my heart of earthly love,  
And for Thyself prepare a place.

Oh, let Thy glorious presence fill,  
And set my longing spirit free,  
Which yearns to have no other will,  
But day and night to follow Thee!

Write in this region here instead  
No, not good will I pursue;  
I bid this world of noise and show,  
With all its glittering snare, adieu.

Tunes.—Consecration (B.J. 197, 1); Missionary (B.J. 178, 2) repeat chorus; John Anderson, my Jo (St) repeat chorus).

2 My body, soul and spirit,  
Jesus, I give to Thee,  
A consecrated offering,  
Thine evermore to be.

Chorus.  
My all is on the Altar,  
I'm waiting for the Fire.

O Jesus, mighty Saviour,  
I trust in Thy great Name,  
I look for Thy salvation,  
Thy promise now I claim.

Oh, let the Fire descending  
Jus now upon my soul,  
Consume my humble offering,  
And cleanse and make me whole.

I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus,  
Washed by Thy precious Blood;  
Now, seal me by Thy Spirit,  
A sacrifice to God.

Tune.—Twas a very happy day (B.J. 64).

3 I've had an elevation  
From sin and degradation;  
I once was bound, but now I've liberty.  
I'm journeying to heaven,  
The power to me is given  
To live a life from wickedness set free.

Chorus.

Salvation I can recommend,  
To bring all sinning to an end;  
Then come and have it now, my friend.  
"Tis offered unto thee.

"I'll get saved here to-morrow."  
Some said: but, to their sorrow,  
That day to them has never, never come.  
They've missed their way to glory.  
How sad to tell the story:  
They're groaning now in hell—oh, bitter doom!

But if you'll come to Jesus,  
Who died from sin to save us,  
And pardon claim, then you forsake your sin,  
You shall receive salvation.  
Just now, from degradation,  
And happy be with Jesus' love within.  
W. H. Cox.

Tune.—For the Lion of Judah shall  
break every chain (S.M. I. 203; B.B. 60).

4 Whoever gave like thy Redeemer  
and God?  
I've partied with even my last drop  
of Blood;

With the voice of My sufferings I'm  
speaking to thee;  
I have given up My all, what wilt thou  
give to Me?"

Chorus.  
Every drop of Thy Blood, Lord, was  
given for me,  
And the best I have, Lord, I'll give unto  
Thee.

"I've lightened thy crosses and made  
thy crown bright,  
My victories have made it more easy to  
fight;  
I've borne thy transgressions, thy Sav-  
ior had to be;  
I've suffered for thee, wilt thou suffer  
for Me?"

Such love it broke my stony heart,  
And made me long from sin to part;  
I saw there was no other plan,  
But Jesus died on Calvary.

Chorus.

Oh, Calvary, dark Calvary,  
Where Jesus groaned and died for me;  
Oh, praise the Lord, my soul is free,  
For Jesus died instead of me!

I'm trusting, blessed Lord, in Thee,  
Who paid my debt on Calvary.

When last in sin and doon'd to die,  
He freely laid His glory by,  
And came, to save a wretch like me,  
From Heaven down to Calvary.

Such love it broke my stony heart,  
And made me long from sin to part;  
I saw there was no other plan,  
But Jesus died on Calvary.

When in Jordan you appear,  
How will you do?  
Can you then your terrors brave,  
Say you have no soul to save,  
When you sink beneath the grave?  
How will you do?

You who have no more than form,  
How will you do?  
Can you brave the awful storm?  
How will you do?  
When the waves of death assail  
Every reed and prop will fail,  
Forms will be of no avail,  
How will you do?

NEXT WEEK! NEXT WEEK!  
HARVEST  
FESTIVAL  
WAR CRY!



In Parents, Relations and Friends:  
We will be pleased for making known in any part of  
the globe, the address of any of our friends, or  
any aged, infirm, or disabled person, or any one in difficulty  
Address Commissioner Evangeline Booth, 16 Albert  
Street, Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope.  
This note should be sent, if possible, to-day at  
post office.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look  
up their friends and relatives and to notify the  
Commissioner if they are able to give any information  
about persons advertised for.

(First insertion).

ELIZABETH BARKER. When 11  
years old was sent from Kirkdale  
Schools, Dec., 1883, to Messer. Calvert,  
Wainstall Mills, Mount Talbot, Halifax,  
Yorkshire, England. Left there five  
years ago to join relatives in Liverpool.  
Her sister, Annie Jane, now Mrs. Rowell,  
West Derby, Liverpool, inquires. Address  
Enquiry, Toronto.

ROBERT GARDNER. Dark complexion,  
dark hair, mustache and eyes,  
medium height, age about 30 years. Last  
heard of in Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 18th,  
1897. Barber by trade. Mother anxious.  
Address Enquiry, Toronto.

JOHN J. NEWSONS. Height 6 feet,  
blue eyes, curly red hair, age 39 years.  
Last heard of two years ago. May have  
gone to Klondike. Mother in St. Thomas  
very anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

GALLOWAY, LOUIS E. Age 32,  
height 5 feet 5 inches, dark eyes and  
hair, slender. Last heard from in Key  
West, Florida. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

STURTON, HERBERT. Age 44,  
blue eyes, high forehead, slightly bald.  
Generally wore a heavy beard. Height  
5 feet 9 inches, weight 180. May be in  
Klondike or any northern gold mine.  
Wife anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

(Second insertion).

WALTER BURROUGHS. Age 21,  
height 5 ft. 9 in. light hair, dark eyes,  
fainter. Last heard of in Montreal.  
Any news of him gratefully received.  
Address Enquiry, Toronto.

MRS. LYNON (nee Ladd). Last heard  
of in Montreal two years ago. May have  
gone to U. S. A. Dark complexion,  
height 5 ft. Has two thumbs on one  
hand. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

SHOOP CAMPBELL LAIRD. Fair  
complexion, blue eyes, brown hair,  
slender, medium height,  
weight 140. Last heard of in  
Tacoma, W. T. Mother  
has only child. Has money for him.  
Address Enquiry, Toronto.

STEWART, G. B. Last heard from  
in Regina. Aunt Lavian Stewart of  
Ingersoll, wishes to hear from him.  
Address Enquiry, Toronto.

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15th Y

COMING! NEXT WEEK!

The Special

Harvest • Festival  
"War Cry."

It will contain articles by

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER,  
COLONEL JACOBS,  
LIEUT.-COLONEL MARGETTS,

Various Provincial Officers, Staff-Captain Cowan,  
Adjutant Page, and others.

EXCELLENT ILLUSTRATIONS.

A SPECIAL NUMBER BUT THE SAME PRICE.

"I am the Good Shepherd to care for  
the lost,

To be thy Redeemer My life it has cost;  
To learn self-denial My life and death  
see;

For the world I have died, dare you face  
death for Me?"

The late Colonel Pearson.

He Died for Me.

Tunes.—Oh, Beulah Land! or, Happy  
day that fixed my choice (with old  
chorus).

5 My soul is full of praise to God,  
For I am washed in Jesus' Blood;  
The debt of sin which was on me,  
Was paid by Christ on Calvary.

"Twas done, my sins He washed away;  
And keeps me by His power to-day;  
My song in life and death shall be,  
He bore my sins on Calvary.

Major Baugh.

Tunes.—How will you do? (B.J. 176);  
Oh, how he loves! (B.J. 55); There  
is a better land.

6 When you come to Jordan's flood,

You who now condemn your God,

How will you do?

Death will be a solemn day!

When the soul is forced away,

It will be too late to pray.

How will you do?

You who laugh, and scorn, and sneer,

How will you do?